THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1925

'There Shall Be No War'
BY
AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

From 'Traitor' to Treasurer

Swinburne and His Critics
BY
ALFRED NOYES

Protestants in Distress

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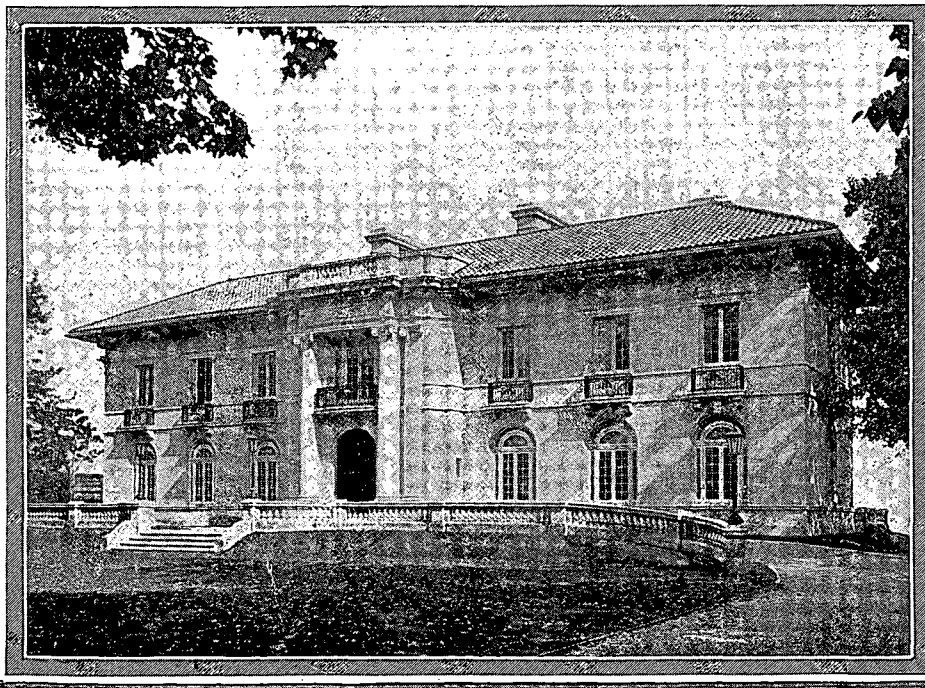

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COMING EVENTS ABROAD

JUNE this year will be, as usual, a month filled with events of interest for almost every taste imaginable. In Paris the Decorative Arts Exhibition will continue, with 5000 individual exhibits, housed in 140 pavilions, and covering 74 acres. At Wembley, just outside London, the British Empire Exhibition will enter on the second month of its second season. In London proper the Exhibit of Austrian Arts and Industry will continue. While the Decorative Arts have special grounds all to themselves in Paris, the Entreprise Générale will seize the occasion to hold a special exhibit of country furniture.

Commercial fairs of the month will include the Baltic Fair at Stockholm, to which all Baltic states are being invited; the Exhibition of Württemberg toys at Stuttgart; the Colonial and Foreign Products Fair at Lausanne, continuing through July; the International Automobile Show at Wârsaw; the German Traffic Exhibition which will be in progress at Munich until October, displaying means of communication by land, water, air, and wire; the Seventh International Sample Fair at Padua, June 5–19; the Agricultural Exhibition at Königsberg; the Bordeaux Sample Fair, June 15–30; and the International Tobacco Exhibition which opens at Amsterdam in May and will continue throughout June. Epicures who enjoy the mighty culinary achievements of the German Hausfrau must not miss the Cooking and Pastry Exhibition at Hamburg, June 9–12. Most business men who plan tours abroad this month will also be interested in the third General Meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce at Brussels, June 21–27, and the Industrial Exhibition at Dresden, June–September.

June will be full of musical events, ranging from the band contest for the Championship of Sicily, to be held at Palermo, to Music Week in Berlin, June 14–21, the Opera Festival at Düsseldorf, June 14–20, the International Operatic Festival at Zurich, and the Silesian Music Festival at Breslau, June 19. Düsseldorf will follow up its Opera Festival with a Concert and Theatrical Week, which will begin as the Opera Festival closes and last until June 27.

Tourists who wish to see the Spring Salon in Paris, which has been in progress since April 30, should remember its closing date, June 28. The Second Series will be open July 10 to September 1. The Galerie Visconti will continue its exhibit of paintings by modern artists May 29 to June 12.

The month's historic anniversaries include the Historic Festival at Rothenburg an der Tauber, the continuation through July of the Millennial Anniversary of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) which opened in May, and Festival Week at Ems, June 14–21, celebrating the city's six hundredth anniversary.

Among religious events during June must be mentioned the Festival of fireworks in honor of Saint John at Florence; the Festival of Saint John at Rome, especially important in this Holy Year; of Saint Anthony of Padua, to be held at Scanno; and a whole series of those quaint Breton ceremonies known as 'Pardons.' Among these are the 'Fire Pardons' at Plougastel-Daoulas, June 1, 25, and 29; the Pardon at St. Herbot, June 5, which includes an odd ceremony of offering to the Saint tufts of hair from the cattle's tails in order to ensure his protection; on June 7 Pardons at Spezet and at Rumengol, the latter remarkable for its display of Finistère costumes; the Pardon of Camaret, June 14; of Dirinon-Ste.-Nonne, June 21; of St. Jean-du-Doigt, June 23–24; the 'Pardon of Horses' at St. Eloi, near Landerneau, June 24; and the Pardons of Faouet on June 28 and of Locminé June 28–30.

Sportsmen visiting England will have an abundance of diversion, including the Fourteenth International Horse Show at London; the Manchester Cup races, June 5; Polo Cup matches at Roehampton, June 6; Ascot Stakes, June 16; Royal Hunt Cup, Ascot, June 17; Gold Cup, Ascot, June 18; Wokingham Stakes, Ascot, June 19; and the All-England Tennis Championship Matches at Wimbledon, June 22–27; and the Open Golf Championship Matches, June 25.

Similar events on the Continent include the Brussels Horse Show; races on the San Siro track at Milan for the Grand Prix of Italy (250,000 lire), the Grand Prix of Commerce (100,000 lire), and the Grand Prix of Milan (500,000 lire); other races at Brioni; the Derby at Hamburg, June 26–28; the Grand Prix, Longchamp, and Grand Steeple Drags at Auteuil; the tennis tournament at Abbazia, for which the day has not been set; an International Airplane Tournament at Darmstadt; Alpine motor races in Austria; Grand Prix motor-cycle races at Geneva; International Rowing Competition at Lucerne, June 27–28. The Congress of the International Football Association will meet in Prague June 4–6, and International Federation of Watersport Clubs at a date in June not yet announced. Prague will play host to a quite different assemblage when a preliminary meeting on June 27 clears the way for the subsequent Congress of Engineers in Philadelphia.

The Egyptian Parliament will reopen in Cairo on June 1. On June 3 London will observe King George's birthday, probably with more demonstrativeness than usual, because of His Majesty's recent illness. On June 25 Tokyo will observe the Empress's birthday.

An extremely odd display, the Police Technical Exhibition, interest in which is *not* necessarily confined to police officials — or criminals! — will continue at Karlsruhe from June 6 to June 21. The International Flower Show at Heemstede, which closed in May, will be succeeded by a Grand Narcissus Festival at Montreux, June 6–7; and by a Flower Festival at Geneva, June 27–28.

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To Clifford M. Sublette, of Denver, Colorado, has been awarded the 1925 honor cross of the Huguenot Society of Pennsylvania. Others who have received the cross of the Huguenot Society are General Pershing, Herbert Hoover, and John Wanamaker. The entire list is less than twenty. Mr. Sublette has been awarded the cross for meritorious work on his novel, THE SCARLET COCKEREL, which won the $2000 prize offered by the Atlantic Monthly Press in memory of Charles Boardman Hawes for the best adventure tale of the same general excellence as his splendid stories, *The Mutineers, The Great Quest,* and *The Dark Frigate.*

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

ALL who follow the course of world affairs are familiar with the name of **Austen Chamberlain,** who after successfully surmounting the handicap of having a famous father has held a long succession of Cabinet offices. He has been Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Postmaster-General, twice Chancellor of the Exchequer, Secretary of State for India, Lord Privy Seal, and Leader of the House of Commons. In Stanley Baldwin's second Cabinet he replaces Lord Curzon at the Foreign Office. No one who has ever seen him in action on the floor of the House, where his present article was first delivered as a speech, is likely to forget the mingled haughtiness and brilliance of his parliamentary manner. It may be news to some of our readers that he is named for his father, *Joseph* Austen Chamberlain.

Stéphane Lauzanne is editor-in-chief of *Le Matin*, a famous if somewhat sensational Paris daily, circulating about a million copies, and supposedly influenced by M. Poincaré. M. Lauzanne has a wide reputation outside France as an interpreter of his country's thought, and has written books on Turkey, America, and the war. **Adolf Keller** knows Continental Protestantism with the intimacy that comes from his work as General Secretary of the European Central Protestant Aid Office at Zurich. He has written travel books, a critique upon Bergson's philosophy, and in 1922 published a book on the post-war situation of Protestant religion in Europe. He is also a representative of the Federal Council of Churches in America.

Walter Mittelholzer is an adventurous Swiss who enjoys winged adventure in odd corners of the globe. ¶Biographical data relating to **Convict Number 1204** are for obvious reasons eloquently lacking, save as they can be gleaned from his article.

French critics differ violently in their estimates of **Marie Lenéru,** but her brilliance is generally admitted. Her three published plays, *Les Affranchis*, *Le Redoutable*, and *La Paix*, which placed her among the dramatists of the *théâtre psychologique*, have been assailed for Nietzscheism and for pessimism. In *Saint-Just* she showed traces of the influence of Maurice Barrès. Her *Journal* is probably the work for which she will be longest remembered.

Edmond Delage is a French naval critic and frequent contributor to the *Temps*, not to be confused with the famous biologist bearing the same surname. ¶The traditions of English poetry, as compared with the violent experimentation of these allegedly degenerate days, are ably represented by **Alfred Noyes,** sometime professor at Princeton. It is chastening for the ultramodern to reflect that Swinburne was — chronologically if not otherwise — a 'Victorian.'

G. A. Porterfield is an English writer of fiction with a nice gift for satirizing his contemporaries.

Fritz Droop is art editor of the *Mannheimer Tagblatt* and author of many plays besides his *Maler Sandhas*, extracts from which are translated in this number as *Sandhas the Painter*. He has written *Unschuld*, *Der Freispruch*, *Die Frau des Kommandanten*, all three-act plays, and a one-act play called *Der Landstreicher*. He began his literary career as a lyric poet. Later, as a critic, he was swift to recognize such artists of the older generation as Arthur Schnitzler and Frank Wedekind and, among the younger German writers, Ernst Toller and Fritz von Unruh. During the war he fought with the German army in the Vosges, and made a book out of his experiences, *Aus dem Vogesenkrieg*. When his fiftieth birthday was being celebrated in the German press, last March, a writer in the *Neues Wiener Journal* observed: 'Fritz Droop's work has reached its maturity gradually. An adherent of no school and a devotee of no tendency, inspired solely by a steadfast faith in the victory of the truly genuine, he has always followed the inner voice and it alone.'

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THIS WEEK

On the ground that the British House of Commons takes more time over an unimportant bill than the Allied Representatives spent on the Geneva Protocol, *Austen Chamberlain*, the handsomest statesman in Europe, logically infers that the latter document was hastily framed and is therefore pernicious. Nevertheless he asserts further on in his speech that he distrusts logic when applied to politics, adding that 'History' — whatever that may be — bears out his playful contention. All in all, the speech is a masterpiece of Tory philosophy, abounding in irony, good sense, polite references to future generations, and firm remarks to those of us who have the hard luck to be alive to-day. In striking contrast to the immaculate Chamberlain is the storm-tossed Joseph Caillaux, whose chances of coming back have decidedly materialized since *Stéphane Lauzanne*, editor of *Le Matin*, put his conjectures into print. Though Caillaux went into politics, he is such an able man that he would have unquestionably gained recognition in some other walk of life where the competition is keener.

❦ ❦ ❦

What with Catholic Prime Ministers in Holland and Switzerland and four successive Catholic Chancellors in Germany, *Adolf Keller* feels that 'Continental Protestantism is passing through one of the most serious crises since the Counter-Reformation.' But Christianity seems to be gaining ground on the whole — except in Russia, where the State has refused God diplomatic recognition. The uneasiness seems to be most lively among those who share the Ku Klux's suspicions of the Vatican. Don't they know that Al Smith has contributed $100 toward building the Cathedral of St. John the Divine?

❦ ❦ ❦

Of course we ought to disapprove of the activities of the Emden, just as we ought to be glad when a boatload of bootleggers joins Davy Jones, but there are a few of us who cannot fail to admire the amazing exploits of Captain von Müller and his pirate crew. In the first few weeks of the war they accounted for innumerable ships, terrified the entire Far East, and treated their victims like gentlemen. Their story was so good that *Edmond Delage* wrote it up for the French press — an indication of how much insidious propaganda our readers are likely to find in it. If you enjoy going to fires or witnessing the destruction of property in any form, read about the Emden, and you will realize that the good old days have not been dead for more than eleven years at the outside.

❦ ❦ ❦

Spring has come to Boston. The leaves are sprouting, from our windows we can see the swan-boats circumnavigating the pond in the Public Gardens, and the *Living Age* is printing two bits of fiction — one a prize-winner by *Marie Lenéru*, the other an English love story. Then there is *Alfred Noyes's* tribute to Swinburne, with its attack on the ancient 'sound without sense' critique propounded by those who think that what Carl Sandburg writes is poetry. Even the aged and honorable Robert Bridges is taken to task for favoring the 'elegantly insignificant.' Quotations from 'Atalanta' and '*Ave atque Vale*' are used with telling effect, but we can't help missing 'fierce and luxurious Dolores, Our Lady of Pain.' She was our best girl for years.

❦ ❦ ❦

Our monthly bedroom farce, by the renowned *Mr. Fritz Droop*, is also in a blithe vein. Our literary editor — that killingly funny man who writes 'Life, Letters, and the Arts' — assured us that it was 'terribly modern German stuff,' and there seemed no reason to doubt his word until we heard the dying priest say, 'I am — (*his voice is scarcely audible*) your father.' There is a happy ending, the lovers are reunited, and the old man dies as thousands cheer.

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THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD IN APRIL

Now that the British Cabinet has pronounced itself against the Protocol and in favor of a Five-Power Security Pact including Germany, England's international issues are temporarily quiescent. Meanwhile, all-important questions of industry and finance hold the floor. Labor is restless both politically and industrially. An official study of gains and losses in real wages between 1914 and 1924 indicates that shipbuilders, engineers, iron and steel workers, coal-miners, and agricultural laborers receive less to-day than before the war. Increases in workers' pay during those ten years are confined to 'protected trades,' sheltered from international competition; for instance, to railway servants, building mechanics, grocery clerks, printers, and civil servants such as teachers and post-office and municipal employees. The dockers have also made some gains. Rather remarkably, the chief advance is in case of teachers, whose real salaries have risen two thirds within a decade. The broad significance of this, which will show itself ultimately in political sentiment and public policies, springs from the fact that in Great Britain, as on the Continent, the workingman is to-day worse off than before the war.

Nevertheless, the situation has a more hopeful side. Workers' accumulations appear to be growing in defiance of gloomy wage-statisticians. The Chairman of the United Kingdom Provident Institution, speaking with a specialist's knowledge of the situation, estimates that the weekly wage earners of Great Britain have more than one billion pounds invested, either directly or indirectly through savings-bank deposits, in the nation's soundest securities.

By-elections in the Free State and general elections in Ulster indicate a wholesome growth of Centrist at the expense of Extremist sentiment among Irish voters. *Sinn Fein*, a Dublin Republican weekly, points out that, although its Party was defeated at most of the pollings in the Free State this year, the Republicans have gained 58,000 and the Government Party has lost 75,000 votes in the twelve contested constituencies since the election two years ago. Perhaps this very fact helped to reconcile Mr. De Valera to the situation, for he seems to have

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renounced his intransigent tactics. Addressing his followers at Tipperary he said: 'There is no use in looking to a small body of men to save the nation.' In other words, the rifles of the minority must yield to the ballots of the majority.

Cabinet instability has paralyzed constructive efforts in France during the past few weeks, while the nation struggles against the inexorable necessity of making personal financial sacrifices for the State, which are so much harder to face than the greater and more dramatic sacrifices of the war itself. The political pendulum of Europe, which was swinging toward the Left until the overthrow of Ramsay MacDonald's Ministry, seems now to be retracing its arc toward the Conservative extremity. M. Caillaux, whose reëntry into Cabinet life is reported as these lines are written, has usually showed a knack for clinging to the pendulum and following it in its course. But any ministry of which he is a member will probably — if it lasts long enough — be controlled by him; and he can hardly repudiate the programme he has consistently preached during and since the war, of subordinating political to economic considerations in rehabilitating Europe. That programme, if it wins the confidence of the French nation and is logically carried out, forecasts France's acceptance — at least in a modified form — of Germany's proposal for a Five-Power Security Pact. Belgium — where the Socialists have come to the fore at the expense of the more Poincaréist Parties, where the Clericals have been somewhat alienated from France by Herriot's church policy, and where an acute industrial depression is strengthening sentiment in favor of a radical settlement of controversies deferring economic recovery — promises to welcome such an arrangement. Mussolini, who appears to have emerged from the semi-retirement enforced by his late illness determined to dominate the recalcitrant radicals in his own Party, is preoccupied with domestic problems; but his Government, so far as can be judged by previous pronouncements, would prefer the proposed Security Pact to any measure initiated by the League of Nations.

Germany is taking so kindly to the new sport of electing presidents that even her most Kaiser-loving burghers may become loath to relinquish the pastime in exchange for an hereditary ruler. In any case numerous obstacles stand in the way of returning to a monarchy. A restoration would logically imply, not only a new Emperor, but also reënthroning the score or so of petty potentates who hastily left, or were driven from, their thrones in 1918. Nor are German Monarchists more agreed upon a candidate for the throne than the voters at large are upon a candidate for president. Here, too, religious and sectional, as well as strictly personal, considerations come into play. Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria has kept discreetly in the background, since his tiff with Ludendorff. The former Crown Prince, who was allowed to come back to Germany on condition that he would not meddle with politics, has on the whole kept his word, 'partly,' to quote an English correspondent 'because he is not without natural honesty, and partly because politics bore him. He is interested in sport and in light fiction. His great wish is to go to America and earn a livelihood there, although he does not know exactly how.'

This does not mean that all is plain sailing in Germany, even if the monarchy issue should be dropped. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Statist* finds a whole sheaf of symptoms

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of political malaise there: 'Continuous and bitterly waged political strife over a new President of the Republic; Communist demonstration in Halle, where ten were killed and forty wounded, and revolvers were used by Communists and police alike; openly threatening attitude of the Communists in Berlin; threatened railroad-strike, inspired and financed from Moscow; trial of Communists in Leipzig; Magdeburg Rorchardt case, in which the honor of the late President Ebert and many of his colleagues was implicated; the revival of the Hitler movement in Bavaria against Prussia; serious disagreement with Poland and breaking-off of Commercial Treaty negotiations with her; failure in completion of many commercial treaties pending, and consequent damage to trade; French resistance to evacuation of the Ruhr districts; and the Barmat financial scandal, implicating many leading statesmen.'

Germany's desire to keep her eastern-border question open for future negotiation probably refers only to her Polish frontier in Upper Silesia and possibly at the Danzig Corridor, and to incorporating Austria by a plebiscite of the people of that country. Should the latter occur, she would have a new frontier-issue, with Italy in the Tirol. It is generally felt that the boundary between Germany and Czechoslovakia, which has been historically accepted for centuries, would not be questioned.

Causes of friction between Germany and Poland are innumerable. The Warsaw correspondent to *Gazette de Prague* mentions a recent convention of Polish Protestants where delegates from the congregations in East Prussia described in moving terms the distress of their fellow Poles still under Prussian rule. According to this correspondent, a million and a half Poles reside in Germany, where it is not permitted to use Polish in a Government office or in a law court. These million and a half people, who presumably reside in fairly compact communities, have only twenty-four primary schools, all in Upper Silesia and provided by the League of Nations, where their own language is used. In addition there are sixteen schools in East Prussia where two hours' instruction a week is given in Polish. On the other hand, the Polish State supports 1195 primary schools, twelve Government secondary schools, and three higher educational institutions, conducted entirely in the German language, for the benefit of her 1,200,000 Germans.

No dramatic crises have disturbed the political serenity of the Northern and Baltic States, although each of them is feeling in its own particular way the effects of the economic crisis. Denmark is suffering from strikes and lockouts. The Netherlands will hold quadrennial elections for the Lower House of Parliament early next July. Her Chamber of one hundred seats now contains ten different political Parties, and forty Parties contested the last election. The present ministry represents a Conservative coalition embracing both Protestants and Catholics. Confessional differences determine party lines to a large extent. About one third of the population is Roman Catholic, and one fourth, mainly in the Labor Party, is unconnected with any church. As in Belgium, the Liberal Party, which once was supreme, is now afflicted with political decay.

Fascisti Europe, which embraces most of the Mediterranean and Balkan countries, has likewise been comparatively free from sensational episodes, except in Bulgaria, where Communist outrages betoken a suppressed volcano. Optimists see signs of an approaching reconciliation between the Spanish

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Directory and the old politicians in the fact that four of the five surviving ex-premiers were present at the unveiling of a statue to Señor Dato, the Conservative Premier who was assassinated a few years ago by Catalan workmen. The only former Prime Minister who refused to attend was Don Antonio Maura, dean of the Conservative Party. Count Romanones, the Marquis Alhucemas, Señor Sanchez de Toca, and Señor Sanchez Guerra were present. None was allowed to speak, however, except Señor Guerra, who did so at the request of the Duchess of Dato, who petitioned the sovereign himself for permission. All the others were muzzled by the Directory. A slight relaxation is reported in the tension between the Government Party and its opponents in Serbia. Greece has been benefited as well as burdened by the influx of refugees from Asia Minor. For the time being business is relatively prosperous. Political passions are subsiding and popular interest is veering toward plans for economic betterment. Persistent rumors are current of a revival of the pro-Hapsburg movement in Hungary. But as in Germany, the Monarchists there are divided into Legitimists, who favor the youthful ex-Crown Prince Otto, and partisans of Archduke Albrecht. The leaders of the former group, mostly statesmen of the old régime, are watchful waiters, while the followers of the Archduke belong mostly to the Fascisti extremists represented by the 'Awakening Hungarians.'

Faith in the imminence of the world revolution is reported to be waning in Russia. At the recent plenary session of the Communist International, both Zinoviev and Stalin stated that chances were not in favor of an early upheaval in Western Europe. The bourgeoisie has received a respite. But still, they asserted, the Bolsheviki must not be downhearted, for international rivalries were at work that sooner or later would precipitate new wars and give the revolution another chance. Turkey seems to have suppressed the Kurd insurgents, as was to be foreseen, for the Angora Government has an army of docile veterans at its command. Cynics may associate the subsidence of the revolt with the seventy-five-year contract just concluded between four groups as equal partners — the Anglo-Persian, the Royal Dutch Shell, the Standard Oil and six other American companies, and sixty-five French companies — for controlling the oil fields on the borderlands between Turkey and Irak. British oil concerns have made some sacrifice here, for the Anglo-Persian and the Royal Dutch Shell groups formerly held a three-fourths interest — somewhat disputed, to be sure — in these fields. They now retain only a half-interest, plus a provision that the Turkish Petroleum Company, which is the holding organization, shall have a British chairman.

The traditional rivalry between Russia and Great Britain in Central Asia continues. Moscow hoped that her recent treaty with Teheran would popularize her with the Persians. That treaty, like her treaty with China, contains a self-denying clause abolishing the special privileges that the Government of the Tsar enjoyed in Persia, and making certain restitutions of territory to that country. In Afghanistan the Emir was for a time friendly to the Soviet Government, and his relations with the British on his southern border were seriously strained. Subsequently, however, the British adopted a more conciliatory policy and the Bolsheviki offended the Afghanistan ruler by overthrowing his fellow Emir in Bokhara. The competition of Britain and Russia for Afghan favor

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was amusingly illustrated when the Emir appealed for airplanes to help suppress a tribal insurrection. Squadrons arrived almost simultaneously from India and from Moscow, with the result that the ruler had a plethora of winged messengers with which to rebuke his disobedient subjects.

In India interest at the moment hangs upon the question of withdrawing or suspending the Bengal Ordinance to suppress violence. This ordinance holds about the place in the Indian scheme of government that a suspension of Constitutional guaranties would hold in a parliamentary State. Mr. Das, the leader of the Swarajists, has made its repeal a condition of coöperation with the British authorities. The latter apparently consider this too high a price to pay for peace. Meanwhile Mr. Gandhi has come forth with a Swarajist Party platform. He would make the qualification for the franchise neither property nor education, but manual work; curtail military expenditures to the minimum required for the protection of life and property; simplify and cheapen court procedure; abolish the revenue from liquor and opium as immoral; reduce salaries of civil and military officials to an Indian basis; redraw provincial boundaries along language frontiers while extending provisional autonomy; investigate — and probably cancel — many franchises and monopolies given to foreigners; 'repeal all arbitrary powers'; and open all ranks of the administrative service to natives.

Doctor Sun Yat-sen's death was the occasion of what would have been a serio-comic episode had it occurred under different circumstances. This was a dispute over his funeral rites. According to some, he died a meek and penitent Christian, and a private service in his memory, attended by Mrs. Sun, was held in Peking. The political bureau of the *Kuomintang* or People's Party, of which Dr. Sun was the head, promptly issued a statement protesting 'against the creation of any legend that he died more as a meek and penitent Christian than as the formidable leader of a revolutionary movement.' His followers propose to embalm his body and place it on permanent exhibition in a glass coffin described as an exact reproduction of the one in which Lenin's body lies at Moscow, to be supplied by the Soviet Government. The obituary notices printed in the English-language and native press of China and Japan credit him with being practically the only leader actuated by political principles and unselfish interests that New China has produced. His Party may not survive him. If it does so, it may be by making his memory a cult. Meanwhile China goes on existing in spite of her government — or absence of government — rather than by virtue of it.

Having concluded a treaty with Moscow, the Japanese Government is busy devising prophylactics against Communist contagion. The latest of these is a so-called 'Peace Law' to promote social peace and discourage dangerous thoughts, which is provoking vigorous criticism in the press. This legislation, if enacted, would give the Government almost unlimited authority to discourage social agitation of every sort. Some papers predict that it will merely divert that agitation into channels of violence. *Yorodzu* sensibly remarks: 'When the Government is well run, and the people are comfortable and well fed, Bolshevist ideas will make little headway among them, whereas no amount of legislation will check such ideas when the Government is inefficient and corrupt, and power and profits are monopolized by a small number of

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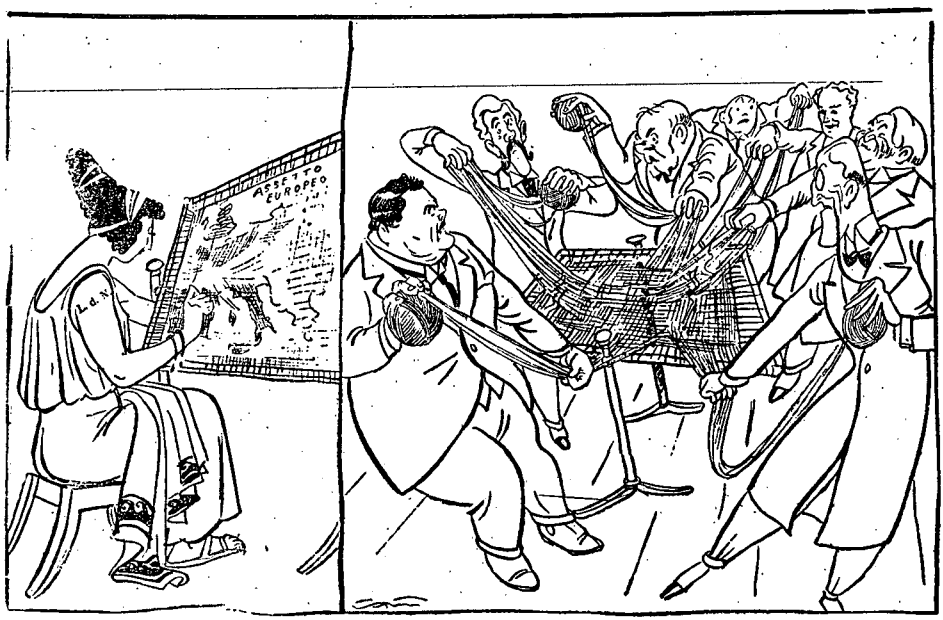
peers and plutocrats.' A project is being discussed at Paris for a *Haut Commissariat du Pacific* to have general supervision over the country's interest in the South Seas and the Far East. This is not a new proposal, for a bill embodying it has been before the Chamber of Deputies for four years. It was revived, however, by Herriot's Cabinet shortly before his resignation. The plan was opposed for a time by French settlers and officials in both Indo-China and the South Sea Islands, who feared it meant an increase of interference from home.

Outstanding events in South America during the last thirty days have been the ebullition of sentiment over President Coolidge's award in the Tacna-Arica dispute and the return of President Alessandri to Chile. Mexico is intensely alive, but is so busy finding herself in a dozen different directions that no one of her problems overshadows the others. Just now a dissenting religious movement is attracting attention at her capital, resembling in some respects a similar movement in the Philippines immediately after the American occupation. But the Government has confined its intervention to keeping unruly demonstrants on either side from disturbing the public peace. Our ratification of the Treaty restoring the Isle of Pines to Cuba has benefited our good name immensely among our Southern neighbors. Even the newspapers most suspicious of 'Yankee imperialism' have told their readers that our 'automatic and involuntary' urge toward expansion is, after all, controlled and checked by ethical ideals.

THE POWERS REJECT THE GENEVA PROTOCOL



Penelope weaves by day; the suitors unravel by night. — *Travaso*, Rome

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GREAT BRITAIN AND A WORLD SETTLEMENT[1]

BY AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

I THINK it is worth while to consider for a moment what is the genesis of this Protocol. It can be traced back to the negotiations that took place between Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot last year. They agreed that they would together go to the Assembly of the League of Nations and open a discussion of this great problem of security.

They did so. They came, they saw, they conquered. They made speeches which were received with immense enthusiasm by the Assembly. I am told the right honorable gentleman's speech sounded even better and was even more enthusiastically applauded when it had been translated from the English in which it was delivered into the French language. (*Laughter.*) Nothing could have been better until the gentlemen themselves and the Assembly which they had addressed began to reflect upon the speeches, and then it was at once apparent to everyone that the two Prime Ministers in their joint friendly gesture were irreconcilably opposed one to the other in the advice which they were tendering to the Assembly. (*Laughter.*) Then followed some hours and, I think, one or two nights of hectic, feverish movement in search of a formula, and presently a formula was produced, and I suppose the two Prime Ministers thought that when, with the help of very active and very clever friends, they had reached a formula upon which they could agree they would really agree about something of substance. But it was evident, even then, to skillful observers that at the very moment when they thought they were most agreed they were as far as the poles asunder, and that the principles which underlay and inspired the policy of the right honorable gentleman were neither believed in nor accepted by the leader of French opinion and the representative of France.

The idea of the British Government was that you could supersede individual pacts or regional agreements by one vast universal scheme of international insurance. That was the policy of the British Government, but that was never the policy of the foreign governments with which they were negotiating. Never for one moment did those governments mean to abandon the local alliances or regional pacts into which they had entered if the Protocol were accepted. On the contrary, they regarded the Protocol as something which might give additional security to the world, I do not doubt, but also as something which must be followed, as it had been preceded, by special subsidiary complementary alliances and agreements.

The two distinguished visitors — both busy men who could ill be spared from their own countries — having, with the aid of friends and with much burning of midnight oil, patched up a formula, returned to Paris and to London, and left their representatives to put into the form of an international agreement the opposite ideals which were embodied in the formula upon

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent-Conservative daily), *March* 25

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which they had agreed. The deputation went to work, and in some six weeks' time in that Assembly was undertaken for the whole world a piece of legislation with which it is impossible to compare in its extent or importance even the largest projects which could come before a domestic legislature like our own, and that agreement, that legislative project, was framed, discussed, and passed in less time than we should take over an electoral-reform bill, whether in Cabinet or in the House of Commons. Is it wonderful that, in those circumstances, when we came to examine it we found it so full of danger apparently, we found its principal causes and effects apparently so little appreciated and so little foreseen, and its obligations so great for an Empire of such a peculiar character as our own, scattered in every portion of the world, based primarily upon sea power and not upon land power as was the case of most of the nations who were there assembled — is it wonderful that when we came to consider this document we found it impossible to recommend it to Parliament?

I do not propose to go at length into the objections to the Protocol. I have too much other work to do. But the whole terms of the Protocol as shown in the declaration which I made in Geneva are framed not with a view to a naval Power and not with proper regard to the interests or the necessities or the position of a naval Power. They are framed for the special purposes of States with land forces and land frontiers who are anxious about those frontiers.

As to the argument that the Protocol is merely the logical conclusion of the Covenant, I profoundly distrust logic when applied to politics, and all English history justifies me. Why is it that as contrasted with other nations ours has been a peaceful and not a violent development? Why is it that, great as have been the changes that have taken place in this country, we have had none of those sudden revolutions and reactions for the last three hundred years that have so frequently affected more logically minded nations than ourselves? It is because instinct and experience alike teach us that human nature is not logical, that it is unwise to treat political institutions as instruments of logic, and that it is in wisely refraining from pressing conclusions to their logical end that the path of peaceful development and true reform is really found.

The signature of the Covenant is barely six years old. Are we to be condemned because with only six years' experience to guide us we are not prepared to rewrite the whole document or to superimpose upon it a vast structure which might easily destroy both Covenant and League? There has been a good deal of talk of late in this country about the safety and security of St. Paul's Cathedral. A great many experts have been consulted, and not all of them, I understand, have taken the same view. But as far as I know, no expert, however eminent, has thought that the security of that building would be promoted by putting another dome on the top of the existing dome (*laughter*), and whatever their differences have been, they have all agreed that it is by underpinning the foundations that the building will be best preserved. That is our view in regard to the Protocol. We do not think that it would add to the strength of the League, or that it would add to the security given by the Covenant.

It is not with the objects of the Protocol, but with the effects, that we find fault. Speaking on behalf of His Majesty's Government, I expressed

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our full concurrence with those objects at the beginning of my declaration at Geneva. Our own experts advised us that the obligations which it would have imposed upon us we should be unable to fulfill without increasing our existing forces. I suspect that some other nations would find themselves in the same position.

I wonder whether the late Government gave much thought to the effect of the Protocol, or its adoption upon the policy of the United States of America. As far as I know, the United States has made no official declaration in regard to the Protocol, but I have tried to inform myself as to the trend of American opinion, and, unless I am wholly mistaken, the Protocol would have been viewed rather as a possible cause of war than increased security for peace across the Atlantic. And what about European opinion? I say without fear of contradiction that those Powers most immediately concerned would not have felt that their security was so guarded by the Protocol, if we had signed and ratified it as it stood without alteration, as to have been content to treat that as a settlement of the question of security and proceed to disarmament at once. The Protocol without subsidiary pacts would not have been accepted in those quarters which believe themselves threatened as a guaranty for their safety of a kind justifying them in disarmament.

In the eyes of Mr. MacDonald the Protocol was to supersede and render unnecessary any special pacts. In the eyes of those with whom he was negotiating the Protocol was not only to have been preceded with pacts, but was to have been accompanied or followed by pacts. His Majesty's Government find themselves unable to sign the Protocol. They find themselves in that respect in the same position as the great Dominion Governments and the Government of India. They do not think that it is apt to promote security, and by promoting security to lead to disarmament, but they do feel that they have an obligation to contribute, if they can, to that great aim, and they believe that it is in the power of this country and this Empire to do it. But let me remind the House of what our existing commitments are.

We have as a member of the League of Nations and a signatory of the Covenant the obligations of every member of the League and signatory of the Covenant to every other State within the League, and we propose loyally and faithfully to observe them. These are obligations of general, of almost universal, application, but we have other obligations which are partial and local. We have an interest in the Eastern boundary of France and Belgium which is more direct, more vital, and to which we are more closely pledged by our signed word than to the general obligations of every signatory of the Covenant and member of the League. The need of France for security is great and is recognized. Her right to expect something from us in that respect is recognized; our interest and our duty to contribute to provide that security are recognized as a common policy. These give us a special interest in the Western frontiers of Germany, and all history points the same way. All our greatest wars have been fought to prevent one great military Power dominating Europe and, at the same time, dominating the coasts of the Channel and the ports of the Low Countries. Our ancestors fought Spain in her heyday; our grandfathers fought Napoleon; and we ourselves only a few years ago fought Germany. It is an issue that challenges our security; it is an issue

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that we have never shirked and never can afford to shirk. But that is not all. There are Treaty obligations at this moment. There are Articles 42 to 44 of the Treaty of Versailles — Articles which deal with the left bank of the Rhine and with the demilitarized zone on the right bank. We have these Treaty obligations, and the peace of the world, and with it the peace of the British Empire, depends on their preservation and maintenance.

I come at this point to the German proposals, to which allusion has already been made in debate in this House. The German proposals were, very properly, put in a somewhat liquid shape. They have not been the subject of any precise or rigid definition. They are put forward as a possible basis for discussion, not as a thing to be taken or left, or an agreement already put into a form in which it might be signed. They did not come to me fully in the first instance. They came to me in circumstances of attempted secrecy, which, as I have already admitted, caused me to feel some suspicion about them, but I am convinced — and I say so from my place here — from what has passed since that the German Government is making a sincere and honest attempt to lead to a better state of things, and it is in the hope that we may assist to carry that effort to a fruitful conclusion that we have engaged in our serious discussion of their proposals.

I would outline the German suggestion as follows. Germany's interest is in the establishment of a special treaty foundation for a peaceful understanding with France. Germany is prepared to consider a comprehensive arbitration treaty and to enter into a mutual pact with the Powers interested in the Rhine. Similar arbitration treaties may be concluded with other States which have common boundaries with Germany, if those States desire. Further, a pact universally guaranteeing the present territorial status on the Rhine would be acceptable to Germany, and a pact may further guarantee the fulfillment of Articles 42 and 43 of the Treaty of Versailles. I think the House will agree with His Majesty's Government that it is a signal advance that such proposals should have reached us, even in a vague form, and on her own motion, from Germany. They amount, if I understand it rightly, to this: that Germany is prepared to guarantee voluntarily what hitherto she has accepted only under the compulsion of the Treaty — the status quo in the West; that she is prepared to eliminate war, not merely from the West but from the East, as an engine by which any alteration in that treaty position is to be obtained. She is prepared to disavow and abandon any idea of recourse to war for the purpose of changing the Treaty boundaries of Europe. She may be unwilling, she may be unable, to make the same renunciation of all hopes and aspirations that some day, by friendly arrangement and mutual agreement, a modification may be introduced in the East which she is prepared to make in regard to any modifications in the West.

In suggesting arbitration in the East, she does not propose or suggest that the Eastern frontiers should become the subject of such treaties of arbitration. She is prepared to say that she renounces the idea of recourse to war to change the frontiers in the East, but she is not prepared to say, in regard to those frontiers, that she renounces the hope some day to modify some of their provisions by friendly negotiations, by diplomatic procedure, or, it may be, for aught I know, by the good offices of the League of Nations.

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What were the instructions that I carried with me from His Majesty's Government for the purposes of my interview with M. Herriot and with the other foreign Ministers whom I met at Geneva? I was charged with a message which I frankly say it was not wholly agreeable to me personally to deliver. I see that sometimes I am accused of being pro-French. I have deep sympathies with the French people, a great appreciation of what France has done for the world, and incidentally for ourselves. But I owe to France the frankness of a friend, and the very fact that I use that frankness will perhaps carry a conviction that would not come from one who was not known to be as warmly her well-wisher. I had to tell M. Herriot and the other foreign Ministers at Geneva that His Majesty's Government was unable to sign the Protocol. I had to add that while we appreciated all that was involved for France in the failure, through American abstention, of the Anglo-American Pact of Guaranty, after what had occurred in Cannes, and after what had occurred in the troublous years that followed, it was not within the power of a British Government to offer to the French Government or the Belgian Government a one-sided pact of guaranty of their frontiers directly pointed against Germany. But I told them, and I told others, that we attached the highest importance to these German suggestions, that we thought they should be examined most carefully in order to see whether they did not, in fact, open the door to a new and better state of things, and close the door nor merely on actual military operations, but on that warlike atmosphere that has endured ever since the Peace of Versailles. I found myself in agreement with the representatives of all the foreign Governments whom I met that these proposals could not be lightly turned down or rejected, that we must examine them carefully and see what advantage could be drawn from them, that we must work with good faith and good will in the hope that we might make them the basis of a real security and a real peace. I found myself in agreement with them on certain broad principles, that any arrangement we might make should be, in the words of the declaration which I read at Geneva, 'purely defensive in character, that it should be framed in the spirit of the Covenant, working in close harmony with the League and under its guidance, if possible.'

It is equally obvious that our obligations could not be extended in respect of every frontier. That is one reason, the main reason, why we rejected the Protocol. It was because it was a universal extension of our obligations of the most serious kind. But we thought that what we could not do in every sphere we might properly undertake, and advise our people to undertake, in that sphere with which we were most closely connected. But it must be made quite clear that in trying to underpin the Covenant and to stabilize peace in the West, we were not licensing or legitimizing war elsewhere, that to enter into a fresh engagement of a mutual character, turning into a friendly agreement, voluntarily made on both sides, what is now a peace imposed by the victors on the vanquished — that that must not be held to be an encouragement to those who were defeated yesterday to try and reopen conclusions in other spheres. On the contrary, we held that by the mere fact of stabilizing peace in the West we should give an additional guaranty to the frontiers of the East. After all, who is it who has an interest in disturbing those frontiers? No

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country has a profounder interest in stabilizing peace, or in promoting good relations with her great neighbor, than Poland, and no impartial person, who can judge Germany's interest with a clear mind, unclouded by prejudice or passion, can fail to see that Germany can gain no real advantage, and no additional security, by attacking her Eastern neighbor. Time and friendly adjustment, the force of economic ties and obligations, the freedom of commercial interests, should lead those great nations to cultivate an ever-growing, an ever closer friendship, once they can get away from the atmosphere of yesterday, and turn to what should be the attitude of the future.

The essence of such an agreement, in my opinion and in the opinion of all with whom I have spoken, is that Germany should enter the League of Nations, taking her place, as she would assuredly do, in the counsels of the League on a footing of equality, both of obligations and of rights, with the other great and small nations. I know that Germany has raised objections to particular Articles. We discussed them at a Council meeting of the League the other day, and we replied. The real answer is that it is of the essence of the League, without which there is no League, that all the nations within the League are equal, — owing equal obligations, possessing equal rights, — and that if you once begin to make exceptions in the obligations, you of course at the same time make exceptions in respect of the rights, and the equality which lies at the root of the League, which is of the essence of its spirit, would be destroyed, and the League itself would be paralyzed and defeated. Let me add one other word about these proposals. As I understand, as I can well foresee, no fruitful issue can come of them unless we can deal successfully and expeditiously, on the one side and the other, with the remaining obligations of disarmament and with the evacuation of the Cologne area; but it is no part of the German proposal, and no condition, that the period of occupation fixed for the remaining zone by the Treaty of Versailles should be shortened or altered in any way.

I hope I have made the conditions clear as I see them. I venture to put to the House the choice which I believe lies before us. Ever since peace was signed, no less than when war was still being waged, Europe has been ranged in two camps, divided as were the combatants in the war. Fear — haunting, restless, brooding fear — overcasts the councils of every nation and the homes of every Continental people; fear that warps the judgment and affects the policy, that leads to irritating acts, to fresh provocation, that renews day by day the offenses of the war, the bitterness of the war, the rancors of the war. If this continues, sooner or later Europe will march to a new Armageddon. It will not be in my time, it may not be in the time of most of those whom I am addressing — but unless you can get away from this atmosphere of fear and suspicion, from this attitude of armed camps, then, if not in my time, in my children's or my grandchildren's time, Europe will be given up to a new struggle, and a generation that has to pay the penalty of that unnecessary war will judge harshly the statesmen of to-day who failed to take in time the measures by which it might have been prevented.

The statesmen of this country have some responsibility. Our policy, not wholly through our own fault, has been wavering and inconsistent. Our influence — nobody can move, as I have done, among the statesmen of Europe

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and of more than Europe and not feel it — has lost something by our hesitations and our inconsistencies. A new chance is given to us. I see in these proposals the possible dawn of a better day. Without our help nothing will be done; without our help we shall march surely, though slowly, to a new disaster. With our help the war chapter may be brought to a close and a real triumph of peace may begin. The British Empire, detached from Europe by its Dominions, linked to Europe by these islands, can do what no other nation on the face of the earth can do; and from East and West alike there comes to me the cry, 'After all, it is in the hands of the British Empire; if they will that there shall be no war, there shall be no war.'

WILL CAILLAUX COME BACK?[1]

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF *Le Matin*

THE astounding thing in France is the extreme rapidity with which the most popular public men lose their popularity and the most unpopular public men regain their popularity. M. Joseph Caillaux is a new proof of this.

The story of Caillaux is but a suite of tragic ups and downs, and to trace his picture faithfully it would be necessary to call upon the genius of a Sophocles.

He began his political career with the dawn of the present century, in 1900. He made his first bow under the wing of one of the greatest statesmen of the Third Republic — Waldeck-Rousseau. He entered public life as Minister of Finance. His father, who had been a member of the government headed by Marshal MacMahon, was most moderate and conservative in his policy. He had himself been brought up in a bourgeois family, and was considered by all to be both conservative and moderate. Frenchmen, therefore, who stood for moderation and conservatism, were glad to see him in the public eye. And it may be said that during the two years that he administered the finances of the nation under the premiership of Waldeck-Rousseau he gave not even the slightest indication that he would one day turn his back on these principles.

It was only four or five years later that he showed his true character — that of a radical breaking loose from former traditions. A grave fiscal problem faced the French Government: should it, or should it not, adopt the income tax? M. Caillaux had long studied the system in vogue in England and in the United States, and he was seduced by the theoretic justice of the tax on incomes. He pronounced himself strongly in favor of applying it in France. But in France a great majority was against the income tax. France is a country which, in the matter of taxes, has a very particular spirit. There is perhaps no better taxpayer in the entire world than the French bourgeois. He grumbles a bit, it is true, but he always pays. He only pays more voluntarily if he is n't worried, if his private business is n't meddled with, if no one endeavors to gauge his fortune. One formality in particular went against his grain in the

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *April*

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application of the income tax — the necessity of declaring his income. In France, a father does not tell even his son the amount of his income, nor do brothers confide this matter to each other; it can therefore be very well imagined that a Frenchman has no desire to confide in the government. Three fourths of France therefore rose in anger against the application of the income tax.

M. Caillaux's fault lay not in the fact that he presented and defended an unpopular law — it is the duty of every statesman to brave unpopularity when he considers a reform just. His fault lay in the fact that he presented the income tax without consideration for the feelings of those he offended. He presented it aggressively — brutally almost. The demagogues and the socialists acclaimed him wildly. 'At last!' Jaurès exclaimed, 'we shall have a census of fortune in France.' And in the mouths of socialists the word 'census' is a mere camouflage of the word 'confiscation.' On the other hand, the middle class, the peasantry, and all who possessed small fortunes, — the majority in France, — were afraid. All looked askance at the young leader who, although he himself possessed a comfortable income, menaced the incomes of others. Everyone felt anxious or angry with this conservative who had suddenly become the idol of the radicals. He was called the plutocratic demagogue. And this was the first falling-out that M. Caillaux had with public opinion in France.

Another misunderstanding — more grave this time — occurred. M. Caillaux had been Minister of Finance under several premiers, notably under M. Clemenceau, who used to say, 'I have two ministers with whom I can do nothing: one is Briand, and the other is Caillaux. One thinks he is Christ, and the other thinks himself Napoleon.' In 1911 M. Caillaux became Premier. Suddenly he found himself face to face with one of the gravest crises that France had experienced before the war — that of Morocco. Eight days after the new Premier had come into power the Kaiser sent the Panther to Agadir. It was at the same time a warning and a menace. It was necessary to negotiate with Germany — a negotiation that was arduous, painful, and replete with thorny difficulties.

M. Caillaux showed himself to be resolute, active, and courageous. He maintained the cause of France and disputed every step. But, instead of negotiating with Germany through the usual channel, — that is, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, — and through the duly accredited ambassadors, he negotiated through his own agents — a business man by the name of Fondere, an advertising man by the name of Alphonse Lenoir, and a banker named Spitzer. When this was aired it caused some scandal.

I remember how one evening in August 1911 I personally called M. Caillaux's attention to the emotion engendered by his use of such strange negotiators.

'I am working in the best interests of peace and of my country,' he replied rather harshly. 'I have the right to choose the instruments I think best suited to the purpose.'

And at the same time the Quai d' Orsay, ignoring everything, continued its negotiations through the usual diplomatic channels. Disastrous in itself, this state of affairs proved to be even more disastrous in its after effects, creating an incident of extreme gravity that weighed heavily on the political career of M. Caillaux, affecting his very destiny.

For many years the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs had been in possession of the secret code used by the Ger-

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man diplomatic service. When therefore a telegram was sent by the German Embassy in Paris to the Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin, the Quai d'Orsay knew its contents at once, just as if the message had been written out plainly. It was of incalculable advantage to French diplomacy, as it was thus able to see all the cards. One day, in the course of a secret conference with Germany through the agency of his financiers, M. Caillaux, either negligently or in a moment of forgetfulness, exclaimed: 'Why should Germany refuse me this concession? I know that the German Government has already instructed its ambassadors to grant it.' It was a bad slip, as he thus showed that he had deciphered the correspondence that had been going on between Wilhelmstrasse and the German Embassy in Paris.

The repercussion was terrible. First of all, Germany naturally changed the code, and the Quai d'Orsay lost an important advantage. Then all Frenchmen who were aware of this incident were naturally indignant, accusing M. Caillaux of having, through his carelessness, compromised one of the most important of his country's defenses.

This was the second misunderstanding to occur between M. Caillaux and his countrymen. And the consequence of this misunderstanding was tragic indeed.

Among the men who were aware of all the details regarding the arduous negotiations of 1911, and particularly the code incident, was M. Gaston Calmette, managing editor of the *Figaro*. When in the spring of 1914 M. Caillaux came into power for the third time as Minister of Finance, in a Cabinet presided over by M. Doumergue, Calmette and the *Figaro* opened a violent campaign against him. We know how it ended — in blood.

One evening in March 1914, as M. Caillaux entered his office in the Ministry of Finance the telephone bell rang. He took up the receiver and heard this terribly laconic message: '*Monsieur le Ministre*, your wife has just killed Calmette.'

Calmette died several hours after he had been shot by Madame Caillaux. Caillaux was obliged to resign, and Madame Caillaux, arrested, was tried and acquitted. . . . That is common history. But what is less known is that on Calmette's body were found several secret documents on green paper — the very documents that established the fact that M. Caillaux had by his imprudence apprised Germany of France's knowledge of her diplomatic code.

Six days after Madame Caillaux had been acquitted, in July 1914, another drama surged upon the world stage — a drama that has left the peoples of the earth panting with exhaustion — the Great War. In the immensity of the drama that unrolled itself the Caillaux case would have been easily forgotten. It was enough that M. Caillaux secluded himself and kept quiet. But it has never been in M. Caillaux's nature to remain in seclusion and hold his peace. In December 1916 he went to Rome, and there, at the most critical moment of the war, spoke in such a manner to the Italian statesmen that M. Aristide Briand, then Premier of France, who is one of the most indulgent and conciliatory of men, was forced to send the following telegram to the French Ambassador at Rome:

PARIS, *December* 25, 1916

I beg to inform M. Sonnino that M. Caillaux is in no way authorized to speak in any manner in the name of the Government, Parliament, or French opinion. If what you have been informed with regard to his statements is true, they strictly represent his own personal opinion, and should what he said be known in France, it is certain to cause general reprobation.

(*Signed*) ARISTIDE BRIAND

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A second telegram sent out on December 26, 1916, was even more energetic. M. Briand asked the French Ambassador at Rome to tell the Italian Government 'that it is free to act as it seems fit with regard to M. Caillaux' — that is, free to arrest him. The Italian Government did not arrest M. Caillaux, but seized all his papers, which were in a safety vault in Florence, and put them at the disposal of France. Two of these papers have since become famous. Both were in M. Caillaux's handwriting, and were entitled respectively 'The Rubicon' and 'The Suspects.'

'The Rubicon' was nothing more or less than a project to overthrow the legal government. The author endeavored to show how, with the aid of several Corsican regiments, he could overthrow the existing government established by the Constitution and with several friends assume the dictatorship. The list of 'Suspects' comprised the names of men in the public eye, politicians, Members of Parliament, newspaper managers, whom it would be necessary to arrest or exile.

In self-defense, M. Caillaux claimed that these documents were but the result of his intimate dreams, which he had put on paper; and that no one had any more right to question him regarding these than regarding the intimate thoughts inscribed in his brain.

Nevertheless, the French Senate, acting as a Supreme Court of Justice, by a narrow majority found him guilty and condemned him to three years' imprisonment, one year's suspension of his civic rights, and interdiction from residing in Paris for a period of five years.

Thus runs the story of M. Caillaux's past. I have given some space to this past, first because it helps one better to understand M. Caillaux's character, and again because it may help to forecast his future.

He is a man of exceptional ability and of exceptional faults. He is possessed of real courage; but his courage has ever pushed him to rub popular sentiment, or the nation, the wrong way. He is possessed of a remarkable intelligence; but his intelligence has never stood him in good stead when danger threatened. He is certainly honest; but he has ever surrounded himself with some of the worst adventurers and rascals on earth. Above all, he is possessed of a febrile impulsivity and a morbidness that cause him to lend an ear to the latest speaker, being unable to discern truth from lies and flattery.

I had the opportunity of judging him myself one tragic evening in the summer of 1911, when France was within an inch of war. I came to see him, as I had come to see him every evening at the Home Office, where I found him nervous, agitated, and anxious.

'May I,' I inquired, 'ask you the cause of the trouble?'

'You may,' he replied, and handing me a paper he exclaimed tersely, 'read this . . .'

It was an alarming report on the military situation of France. The writer pointed out that the troops, which were at the time executing a series of manœuvres in the East, were not well trained, that the war material was bad, that the aviation of the country was mere child's play, and briefly that, if war broke out, France would surely be defeated.

'Who sent you that?' I asked. 'Does it come from General Headquarters or from some high military authority?'

'No,' he replied. 'It has been sent to me anonymously. Don't you consider it disquieting?'

That was, and that is, Caillaux. He was then Premier, having at his beck and call every possible source of information and every power of investiga-

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tion; yet he believed an anonymous communication. An anonymous letter was enough to shake his judgment and disturb his calm!

During the last four years he has led a miserable existence. Every time that he showed himself in public he was certain to be illtreated and insulted. He was sure to find in his path a former soldier or the mother of a dead soldier who showered reproaches on his head. But, since two months, a remarkable change has taken place. Some newspapers which abused him daily remain silent. Some others have even whispered that, after all, M. Caillaux has been one of the ablest financiers of the Third Republic, and that the Republic was at present in dire need of financial brains. Finally, at the funeral of Anatole France, Caillaux for the first time appeared in public before a Parisian crowd. Not only was he not insulted, but many people took off their hats to him on his way, and General Gouraud, Military Governor of Paris, one of the most glorious soldiers of the war, shook him cordially by the hand. An extraordinary and unexpected scene indeed!

Of course, after that, there is more than ever a rumor that M. Caillaux will soon come back to power. He has, in fact, a most implacable enemy — *himself*. It is this enemy that caused his downfall. It is this enemy that has kept him from regaining his position after the tragedies in which he figured. Will this enemy keep him once more from resuming it to-morrow? M. Caillaux is like a powerful engine without brakes. One never knows what he is liable to do! He has already derailed several times. And there is nothing that people fear more than to travel in a train with an unreliable engine. But few engines are available now. M. Caillaux may therefore be tried again. And he may jump the track once more!

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CONTINENTAL PROTESTANTISM TO-DAY[1]

BY ADOLF KELLER

A WELL-KNOWN proverb says: France has won the war from the military standpoint; England, from the political, America, from the economic; the Slav, from the racial; the Jew, from the cultural — the Roman Catholic Church has won the war from the religious point of view. The truth is that Continental Protestantism is passing through one of the most serious crises since the time of the Counter-Reformation. And in this crisis the undeniable predominance of political Roman Catholic influence on the Continent and the resulting menace to Protestantism is but one aspect of the present danger which Continental Protestantism has to face. Besides this menace of a renewal of confessional struggles, which seems to be to the disadvantage of Protestantism, there is an inner crisis which is the last consequence of Protestant individualism and subjectivism; and, thirdly, there is the terrible distress through which many of the Protestant Churches and Evangelical institutions have been passing since the war. Let us begin with a consideration of this third aspect of the present-day crisis.

Continental Protestantism cannot yet be considered as a whole. It is divided into four spheres of influence nearly independent of each other. The strongest may be focused, in a symbolic sense, in the Wartburg, symbol of Germanic and Lutheran Protestantism; another one in Geneva, the city of Calvin, as centre of Calvinistic Western Protestantism; the third in Upsala, as centre of Lutheran Scandinavian Protestantism, and a fourth in Hungary which, with its bastions beyond the frontiers, is the pioneer of Eastern Protestantism. Not all Protestant life, however, swings round these poles. There is the small group of the Waldensians in Italy, the oldest Protestants in Europe; and there is Czechoslovakia with its new Evangelical movement, which is nothing less than a renewal of the old Hussite movement before the Reformation.

The strongest block of Continental Protestantism is to be found in Germany, with its thirty-nine millions of Protestants and its manifold daughter-churches in Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Baltic States, Hungary, Rumania. Yugoslavia, Austria, and Russia. This great Germanic Protestant block in Central Europe has been most severely hit by the consequences of the war. The old national churches, which were supported by the State, were either disestablished or lost their property in the revolution and by the tremendous depreciation of the currency. The governments are no longer able to grant the former subsidies. The Church itself has to share the general poverty and has been unable to build up in a short time a sufficient financial structure of its own after the disestablishment. It has also become obvious that a long education of the people has to precede such efforts. The downfall of the whole financial system of some of these States, and the resulting general

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extreme poverty, had their repercussion in terrible distress in thousands of families of pastors, professors, and social workers. During last winter it happened in numerous large cities, especially in Saxony with its Socialist Government, that the ministers had to go into offices, mills, and even mines, in order to keep their families from starvation. Since then general conditions have improved. But there is still much personal distress in many manses as soon as sickness enters the home, or children have to be given an education abroad, or a vacation is needed. There are still ministers to-day in Germany, Austria, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, who cannot afford to buy new clothes.

In a particularly bad state are the assistant pastors and professors, as well as the thousands of free Evangelical workers of the Inner Mission. The thousands of Evangelical institutions of the Inner Mission, homes for children, for old, sick, and poor people, and all kinds of educational institutes, are struggling hard for their existence. The system of the Inner Mission on the Continent is diffeent from the same work in the Anglo-American churches. On the Continent this important work is in most cases not done by the Church itself, but by private Evangelical societies, bound together in a central organization. The work of the Inner Mission, at least in Germany, was so highly developed and organized that it had almost become a separate church within the national church, having its own organizations and services and its press. It was not supported by the Church as such, with which it has little official connection, but by private gifts from Evangelical individuals or by free collections made within the churches. All these efforts had the strongest support from the Evangelical middle classes in Germany, neither millionaires nor the laboring classes being very much interested in this kind of work. But the middle classes are ruined — a social fact of a very far-reaching importance. It is one of the saddest effects of the war that this generally highly cultured middle class is disappearing, is going to be more or less proletarianized, and unable to maintain its former cultural and moral standards for its children. A new middle class is, of course, arising. But meanwhile great cultural, moral, and religious values are lost.

The question emerging from this change is whether the State or the community will, in principle, take charge of the necessary philanthropic activities, or whether these will be rendered superfluous by a new social order. It does not seem as if the churches would be willing to abandon their charitable activity, which has often been called the work of the Good Samaritan. But what if the Good Samaritan had no oil, or wine, or beast, or money to take care of the wounded man in the street?

While in Germany and Switzerland there is the highly developed organization of the Inner Mission, it is almost entirely lacking in the Eastern Protestant churches, where only the first beginnings of building up such a system of religious charitable activities have been made. It would be a great help to these churches in the Eastern countries if the other Protestant churches, especially in the Western world, would try to help them in an unselfish way to build up their own Inner Mission work. It is the same problem with which the Western Protestant world is confronted in Russia.

One of the greatest problems of Continental Protestantism, in France as well as in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, is the recruiting of the ministry. The future of Protestantism depends on the men who can be found for

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the service of the Evangelical cause. The formation of the new ministry is everywhere greatly hampered by lack of means. America, Scotland, Switzerland, Holland, are giving hospitality to a large number of students in their own theological faculties. But there are still a great number of young men in the suffering countries who have had to give up their studies, or are entirely prevented from entering the ministry.

The activity of the religious press and literature is indispensable to a living church. It is, indeed, like a ringing bell that calls the people together. This part of Protestant activity was so menaced last winter that more than five hundred church periodicals ceased publication in one country alone. A large number of scientific theological reviews were stopped. Ministers and professors could no longer afford to subscribe to a theological journal, or to buy books. Many of the theological libraries in Central and Eastern Europe cannot keep pace with the new literary production and are quite unable to buy foreign books. In the Eastern faculties we find libraries well equipped with the older theological works, but they deplore deeply that they cannot keep up with those of the present day. This means an intellectual and religious isolation that will have its effect in the long run. The plan has therefore been formed of creating meanwhile a central religious library, especially of books in the English language. These books could easily be circulated in the different countries, and it would not be too great an effort if publishers in England and in America, and authors, would give their books to such a central library, and if theological societies, such as the newly founded Huguenot Societies in America, would take up the task of replenishing this library with the most necessary new books. Such help would also be a part of that international intellectual coöperation that has recently come under the protection of the League of Nations.

This need in its different aspects has raised a wave of brotherly feeling and helpful sympathy in those Continental churches who are in no need themselves. Protestantism in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland has made the greatest effort in tendering a brotherly hand to the suffering 'churches under the cross,' and together with them many churches in Great Britain and America have come to the rescue of their fellow Christians. The danger was, however, that Protestant individualism and denominationalism would profit by this situation to further its own aims by granting help only to the sister churches of the same denomination, to the detriment of other churches that were in the same need. For this reason a great Protestant Conference was convened in 1922 at Copenhagen by the Swiss Church Federation, at the instigation of the Federal Council of Churches in America, in order to consider in common the Protestant situation on the Continent.

This was the first time in Protestant history that official Church delegates from the different denominations came together to take common counsel as to what could be done for the common Protestant cause. For four hundred years there had been no coöperation or federation between the Continental Protestant churches, the national and denominational barriers being too high. This time, distress and the general Protestant crisis drew them together. A common relief-work was organized on a broad Protestant international and interdenominational basis. While Protestantism in the last decades has deeply felt the difficulty of overcoming the obstacles to reunion that were to be found in differences of dogma and polity, it was much easier to

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collaborate in the field of practical help freely and indiscriminately granted to the different suffering Evangelical churches. This common Protestant relief-work is in fact a practical anticipation of the idea of the coming Universal Conference on Life and Work which is to be held this year in Stockholm and to which the 'Copec' Conference was such a promising prelude.

This Protestant relief-work, focused in Zurich, is more than a common endeavor to save Evangelical ministers and their families from starvation, to maintain thousands of institutions of the Inner Mission and Evangelical Schools, to protect menaced religious minorities, to further the recruiting of the ministry. It is at the same time the first historical attempt of the Protestant churches of Europe to coöperate on a broad common Protestant basis. Not only this; it is also the first time that by such coöperation a practical connection between Continental and Western Anglo-American Protestantism, in so far as it is represented through its churches, has been established. True Protestant statesmanship cannot overlook the importance of such a nucleus of Protestant coöperation in a field where nobody can be afraid of dogmatical or denominational dissensions.

The second aspect of the present Protestant crisis is determined by the remarkable Catholic Roman advance. It is gratifying to see that real religious forces are at work in this movement, an expression of what may be called a Catholic revival as represented by the discovery of the Bible, by an intense religious social activity and a high-standing religious literature and intellectual propaganda for Catholic ideas and ideals. A competition in this field, a merely religious activity, would certainly stimulate the religious life of both confessions. But the Roman Catholic Church has never been content with religious influence alone; political aspirations have always belonged to the official programme of Rome and its orders. The period after the war has greatly favored this political predominance of Catholicism. Political claims have been emphasized wherever possible in the different countries by the introduction of the Nuncio. Quite a number of the new States are pursuing a distinctly Catholic policy. In Germany the Centre or Catholic Party is the most influential beside the Labor Party, and is frequently allied with it for political aims. The present Chancellor of the Republic is the last of a series of four Catholic chancellors in a republic in which the proportion of Protestants to Catholics is thirty-nine millions to twenty millions. Holland and Switzerland, with two fifths Catholics against three fifths Protestants, have Catholic premiers.

A great propaganda has been actively undertaken in Scandinavia, where the immense majority are Protestants. New bishoprics are founded in Protestant centres such as Berlin. In Germany alone, since 1919, 711 new Catholic monasteries and institutions have been founded, while only last year 85 Evangelical institutes had to be closed, and others, such as the Protestant College in Madrid and a great number of Evangelical schools in Poland and Austria, are constantly menaced. In Riga the Evangelical Church of St. James, belonging to the Protestant confession since 1524, has been given over to the Catholic bishop. The same strong influence is felt in the field of education and in that of mixed marriages, where a distinct tendency is visible to prevent the coöperation of Protestants and Catholics even in civic, social, and philanthropic endeavors.

To the power and influence of a hierarchic and centralized organization,

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dominated by the principle of authority, Protestantism has to oppose only the richness and freedom of the individual faith, the value of its spiritual life, which is more expressed in a general spiritual tendency and moral character and in an atmosphere of liberty and responsibility than in the powerful machinery of mass-organization, and — last but not least — the first attempts to find the proper form of Protestant communion. This cannot be a monarchic organization or a union which would wipe out all differences. It can only be found in a free federation of individual churches combining unity with liberty and variety. The whole problem of how to meet this strong Catholic advance cannot be solved by a new *Kulturkampf*, which would be utterly inappropriate to the situation and to the Evangelical faith itself. Protestantism can face this situation only by gathering its forces, by deepening and awakening spiritual life in its communities, and by entering into spiritual competition with the old sister Church in the field of practical charitable work.

The third aspect of the crisis is less visible. It has to do with the problem of the Church itself and the tension between modern culture and the Gospel. This tension has been less felt in the last decades, when considerable efforts have been made to conciliate theology and science. To-day the tension is again acute, and is intensified by a very influential group of Protestant theologians, such as Karl Barth and Gogarten. For them the war has made it manifest that culture in itself is problematic. And in so far as the Church and theology are connected with this culture, they are problematic too. All the modern methods in historical studies, in higher criticism, in education, in the social work of the Church, have not brought us nearer to a deeper understanding of the Gospel and of God Himself, because God cannot be grasped by any human methods. He transcends all human knowledge; and even the best theology, the highest aims of morals and religions, are at best but feeble answers to a question which God puts to our conscience. God is for man an unknown God. He has spoken His word through Jesus Christ. But He transcends even what we can assimilate in our mind from this source, or express in theological doctrines, ecclesiastical practices, or religious feelings.

This new emphasis laid on the transcendency of God leads practically to the same attitude to which the religious indifference of large parts of the population has already led, namely, to a weakening of interest in Church life — nay, even to a fight against the claim of the Church to lead man to God by its message. The criticism of the Church as such has hitherto been maintained directly by the official orthodoxy of Social Democracy, whose Marxian tendency is distinctly hostile to religion, and by the cultured upper classes, whose scientific intellectualism had killed a great deal of religious life. In this new movement the criticism of the Church is taken up from a sincerely religious standpoint. A great number of sectarian congregations, as well as the upholders of this new theological movement, especially in Germany and Switzerland, combine their efforts in attack on the Church. The Protestant Continent, at least in Central Europe, is therefore far removed from the present-day discussions in England, which are focused on the problem of the Church and its authority.

Nevertheless, large masses, especially of the middle classes, are more or less attached to the historic Church ideal, and great efforts are made, in France by *La Cause*, in Central Europe by the Inner Mission, to win back the masses to Christ and to church life. But

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these efforts have to compete with the endeavors of a number of American churches to introduce a new type of church life into European Protestantism. This is becoming quite a serious problem for the old national churches, and the question arises whether European Protestantism will have to go through the same experience as American Protestantism, which is disintegrated into a great number of larger or smaller groups, churches, and sects, compelled, after long periods of division, to find a kind of union in their federative movements as represented in the Federal Council of Churches.

The inner religious crisis, of which I have spoken, is particularly intense in the manifold Youth movements. Their spirit can be characterized negatively by an aversion to the old generation, their ideals, and their authority, which are made responsible for the war and its after-effects, and, on the other hand, by an immense desire for independence and by enthusiasms for a great and noble cause. It is hardly possible to win back these young masses for church life. But their hero-worship is capable of a new surrender to the person of Christ.

The crisis through which the Church is passing on the Continent is partly due also to its long resistance to the new social transformation, to its hesitation in taking up the social problem independently from the way in which the Social Democrats presented it. It must, however, be understood in this regard that the official Labor Party on the Continent departed much more from any religious and church life than the similar movements in Great Britain and America. The Social Democrats in Germany have no men like Keir Hardie, Henderson, and MacDonald, who would advocate social progress in the name of the Gospel. But this hostility from Social Democracy is due again to the fact that the Church has for centuries been too closely connected with the official State, the monarchy, and the prejudices of the reigning classes.

We are not quite sure sometimes if modern Russia belongs to our Western world. But in its Orthodox Church a problem is arising which is of greatest interest to Protestantism. After centuries of entire separation from the Western religious world, the Orthodox Church of the East has found itself in the necessity of looking toward the West for help and new life. It has had a terrible blow in the South, where Orthodox Christianity under the patriarchate of Constantinople has been nearly wiped out of Asia Minor. And in Russia the Orthodox Church has to meet the administrative measures of the antireligious Soviet Government. It is true that their rigid measures are directed mostly against political aims connected with the old Church and against the widespread superstition for which they hold the Church responsible. But if at the present moment they do not persecute the Church in so far as it submits to the authority of the State, their hope is manifest that religious life may be wiped out after a generation by the new methods of education. In this need, the Orthodox Church is looking toward the West, not for political support, not for any missionary enterprise, but for a new understanding of the Gospel and of the task and methods of a living Church. For Westerns, especially American Protestantism, which has been approached, there can be no question of any attempt to proselytize this Church. But the problem is how to render a real and unselfish service to a Christian Church trying to build up a new life and organization with its own means and forms.

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FLYING TO PERSIA. II[1]

BY WALTER MITTELHOLZER

January 21. — Yesterday morning, when I left the hotel at 5.30 A.M., the air was heavy with fog and a light rain was falling. But I wanted to get out of Turkey that day, cost what it would. Friends took my mechanic and myself to a Vienna *Kaschemme*, where people were still dancing and flirting. Here we got eggs and a cup of tea. A taxi-ride to the Golden Horn, a rowboat trip across the water to the railway station, and at 7.30, after forty-five minutes in the train, we were at St. Stefano. The courteous commandant of the aviation field could not believe that I actually intended to set out in such weather. When at last I persuaded him that I was in earnest, he telegraphed to Angora and to Konia — places I was ordered by the Turks to pass — notifying the authorities of my coming. Naturally there are no weather reports in this benighted country, but I infer from yesterday's experience that it will be clearer the farther I proceed toward the east and south.

In spite of every effort to hasten matters, it is ten o'clock before we are ready to start — too late to reach Aleppo, 1100 kilometres away, by daylight. I fly directly across the Bosporus to the Asiatic shore, leaving Constantinople on the left. The city looks desolate and bedraggled in the rain. Flying low under the wet clouds, I follow the Anatolia railway to Darije on the Gulf of Ismid. At this point I cut directly across the water in order to dodge a heavy shower ahead. On the southern shore, the Kara Mountains, 800 metres high and buried to half their depth in the mist, block my way, but I find a narrow pass through which I am able to worm only twenty metres above the ground. Fortunately it soon widens into the broad valley around Isnik Lake, which I cross at 10.50. I note with satisfaction that we are making much faster progress than yesterday, for we are traveling with the north wind. Little by little as the clouds grow thinner I am able to increase our altitude, and in the vicinity of Eskishehr I can leave the bumpy air-stratum for smooth going at an elevation of 2500 metres. Beneath me, as far as the vision reaches, is nothing but a sea of clouds. No sign appears of the clear weather to the eastward on which I counted.

What shall I do — descend again and try to follow my map through the mist and fog, dodging the higher elevations and thereby adding to the length of my route, or continue at my present elevation where the air is absolutely quiet and steer by my compass to the southeast, trusting to my motor and to the probability that the cloud-bank ends somewhere ahead of me? I choose the latter, for my motor, despite the Smyrna sand storms, continues to hum as smoothly as ever. I know I am taking chances. I recall vividly the unlucky outcome of a similar venture in the Alps nearly three years ago. But it seems the only thing to do under the circumstances. So I ascend gradually to an altitude of 3500 metres. Far to the east rises a long mountain-

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *February* 8, 15

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range, by which I check my compass. An hour later I am skirting the monotonous snow-fields of the Sultan Dagh in the vicinity of Konia. To the southward tower still higher mountains which, to judge from the light-reflections, are covered with glaciers. The cloud-carpet beneath grows thinner and I can see the sun shining on a body of water which I identify from my map as Egirdir Lake. This indicates that I am on the right course, and when an hour later a larger frozen lake appears about forty kilometres ahead I recognize with satisfaction that I have at last left Turkey.

Meanwhile my machinist has transferred the gasoline from the reserve tanks and is filling the latter with a little hand-pump from our extra drums. When the latter are emptied, he tosses them overboard, perhaps to carry a surprise greeting to some plodding peasant down below.

Little by little the long blue range of the Taurus Mountains pierces the cloud-sea to the southwest, and far away — I estimate at least 200 kilometres — emerge two neighboring peaks that suggest strikingly my familiar Alpine summits. Upon consulting my map, I judge them to be the peaks of Erjias Dagh, 3960 metres high, south of Kaisarie. About 3 P. M. I sight the Mediterranean beyond the lofty snow-mountains to the southwest. At first I take its reflection for sun-saturated fog, but as we draw nearer I recognize the Bay of Adalia basking in clear sunshine.

So my hopes are not to be disappointed, after all. Flyer's luck! I follow a long, wild depression bordered by great terraces to the coast, where an Anatolian river has formed a broad delta at least twenty kilometres in diameter. Leaving the shore at Selefke, a little village at the mouth of this stream, and crossing the Gulf of Mersina, I find myself at 4.20 above the broad swamps around Cape Karatash. Next I cross the last piece of salt water that I am to meet during my journey — the Gulf of Alexandretta. Its broad blue surface is as smooth as a mirror. Looking backward, however, I notice with some uneasiness that the sun is already approaching the horizon, and we are still 110 kilometres from Aleppo. Now for a race with darkness! I push my motor to the limit, but the dark violet shadows on the steep precipices quickly overtake me. The last pink glow fades on the snow-capped peaks, and twilight comes with uncanny suddenness.

At 4.48 I fly over Alexandretta at a height of 2000 metres, a wonderfully well-sheltered town at the foot of lofty mountains. For a moment I am tempted to land on one of the green meadows in the vicinity, but I am not quite sure whether the place is Syrian or Turkish, and am determined not to take any chances of again falling into the hands of Angora's officials. So I stand boldly on across the mountains, hoping to reach the French aviation field north of Aleppo. Long bluish-red flames flash like spectres out of the motor exhaust. My speedometer shows 190 kilometres an hour. At 5.10 I pass El Bahra Lake, where it suddenly occurs to me to measure my benzine supply. Turning my flashlight on the indicator I discover it pointing at zero. Although my calculations indicate that I ought to have enough reserve for at least half an hour more, nevertheless the motor may stop at any moment. I scan the darkness ahead in vain for some glimpse of the lights of Aleppo. My calculations tell me that we cannot be more than twenty-five kilometres from the city, but not a glimmer is visible through the clear atmosphere. Seeing clear ground ahead, I descend slowly and find my-

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self over a gravelly plain — typical plateau country. It is high time to decide what to do, while my motor is still running, for a forced landing among these stones and boulders would mean a wreck. Discovering what I take to be a cultivated field ahead, I fly at half speed horizontally lower and lower until we touch ground. Immediately throwing on the brakes, I come to a halt in a soft, recently planted cornfield without suffering the slightest damage. It is a clear, starlit night, but not a building is visible. I look at my watch: 5.25 P.M. — a continuous flight of seven hours and twenty-five minutes.

In spite of a light luncheon of chocolate and Smyrna figs en route, Bissegger and I are ravenously hungry. Upon exploring the vicinity we discover an Arab village about a kilometre away, but I prefer not to visit it after dark in my utter ignorance of the country and its people. So, returning to our plane, we make a sketchy supper of biscuit and condensed milk heated over a Sterno stove, and prepare to camp down for the night. But just as Bissegger is stretching out in the long tail of the airplane, we hear harsh, guttural voices in the distance. I put my Swiss officer's revolver handy in case of trouble, and kneel expectantly on my roomy observation compartment. In a moment five Arabs emerge from the darkness and, advancing hestitatingly toward the machine, address me in a friendly manner, stretching out their hands. Unhappily neither of us knows a word of their language. I soon discover from their gestures that they are inviting me to come to the village to get something to eat, and that they are honest, peaceable peasants. Interesting as the experience might be, I do not wish to leave Bissegger alone, especially as we must start at dawn. After the Arabs have examined our plane by the light of their lanterns, with wide, wonder-open eyes, wagging their heads with reverential awe as they do so, they shake hands again and depart.

For a time we are snug and warm in our felt aviation-suits, and Bissegger is soon snoring loudly. The good lad is dog tired and sleeps the sleep of the just. But I cannot settle down. Too many thoughts are chasing through my head. First of all, have we enough gasoline to get to Aleppo?

I push the cover of my observation compartment open a little and notice a glimmer of light. Raising it higher, I observe to my astonishment one of the five Arabs sitting by a little wood fire, sheltered from the cold by a great blanket. He gives me to understand by signs that I may go to the village and he will watch the airplane. As it keeps growing colder and hoar-frost is already gathering on the sides of the plane, I seat myself beside the good-natured Arab by his fire. Meanwhile Bissegger is awakened by cold feet and is disagreeably surprised to learn that it is only 10 P.M. We try to warm up our compartments with Sterno cubes. Bissegger uses my stove for this. I simply put the cubes on the metal floor of the compartment and light them. The covers keep the warm air in, and soon our tiny cabins are warm and cozy. At length we drop off asleep, but are soon awakened again by the cold. Thus we spend the night, alternately sleeping and warming, undisturbed beyond that except by the occasional baying of a village dog.

At 6 A.M., at the first sign of dawn, we rise with stiffened limbs and I make chocolate. Thereupon we make an unpleasant discovery. Thick frost lies on the wings of our plane and the water has frozen in the radiator. A big icicle hangs below, indicating a sprung joint. Luckily only a thimble

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on the feed pipe has given way; otherwise the damage might have been serious. While we are thawing out the radiator with water heated on our Sterno stove, the whole village appears on the scene. I have great difficulty in keeping the people away from the control-board, but profit by the opportunity to take photographs of our picturesque visitors. Even with the help of the warm sun, it requires five hours' hard work to get things ready to start again. I discover to my relief that we still have twenty-five litres of gasoline in our supply-tank.

Promptly at twelve I volplane down at a steep angle to the broad landing-field at Moslemiyeh, eighteen kilometres north of Aleppo. French aviation officers welcome us most cordially and invite us at once to dinner. They listen to my tale of our misadventures with deep attention, and are in no wise surprised at our unfriendly treatment by the Turks. They tell me that their Tokyo flyer, the famous Pelletier d'Oisy, made the straight flight from Bucharest to Aleppo simply because he could not get permission from the Turks to land within their territory.

January 24. — I find it hard to realize that a few hours ago I was flying over the desert, where it would have taken days on a caravan to reach civilization if I had had a mishap. And here I am sitting in the comfortable — aye, luxurious — aviators' club of the British Royal Air Force at Hanaidi, twenty kilometres south of Bagdad, with attentive Indian servants hovering around me as I write these lines.

Since I left Turkey I have again felt like a human being, like a European among Europeans. Day before yesterday at Aleppo I was the guest of the French aviators at Moslemiyeh. They gave me minute directions for my flight and promised me every assistance should I be hung up along the route. Consequently it was with a much more comfortable feeling than upon setting out for my previous day's flight that I started this morning, in spite of unpropitious weather, for the 800-kilometre hop to Bagdad. The clouds hung low except for a narrow blue streak to the northeast beyond the Euphrates. Towards the southeast, whither I was headed, it was dark and gray. I carried gasoline for a seven and one-half hours' flight — 460 litres — for had fuel failed me en route, it might have taken weeks to struggle out of the desert.

Precisely at 8.50 this morning I gave my motor full gas. The plane rose heavily from the soft ground. After flying a short distance over fertile, cultivated fields, we reached a sandy waste without any vegetation, and in forty minutes sighted the Euphrates, which was to be our guide for nearly 700 kilometres. Snow peaks loomed far to the north, where the sky was brighter. On the right my gaze swept over reddish-brown country cut by gullies made during the rainy season. Still farther in the distance lay the gravelly plateau that rises to the Syrian table-lands, whose elevations were white with snow. The same feeling of isolation came back that seized me when I was over the Ægean Sea — a vivid consciousness that a forced descent might mean death.

Keeping the Euphrates constantly on the left, I followed the caravan route, which was clearly visible as a broad ribbon against the dark soil beneath. The clouds hung so low that I flew at an altitude of only 200 metres and could see every detail of the landscape. About 10.20 A.M. I passed a large caravan of twenty-four camels inbound from Bagdad. We watched the antics of the frightened animals, who broke out of their straight column as I approached. Descending to an

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altitude of about seventy metres, I shot over them at a speed of 150 kilometres an hour. Animals and men scampered in all directions. Discovering that one of my gasoline-tubes was leaking, I decided to land at the next French aviation station, Deir ez Zor, which I reached at precisely 11 A.M. The moment I alighted two automobiles with French aviation officers hastened to meet me. They inquired if they could be of assistance and invited us to luncheon. I was very grateful for their cordial offer of aid and hospitality, but as time was pressing and the weather continued to grow more unpropitious, I hastened on as soon as our brief repairs were finished.

We continued to follow the winding course of the Euphrates, passing occasionally mud villages of the Arabs, closely hugging the banks of the clay-colored river. At one point I counted a herd of two hundred Arab horses on the left bank. They stampeded in a wild panic at the sound of my motor. Rain began to fall, but ceased near Hit, 600 kilometres from Aleppo, where I was able to ascend to 500 metres. Several times I noticed groups of little black spots strewn over the desert far away from the caravan route, that would gather like lightning into a round knot as we drew nearer. At first I thought they must be flocks of Arab sheep rounded up by shepherd dogs, but I could not understand why they should be out in the barren desert so far from any village. In order to satisfy my curiosity, I descended close to one of these groups, containing some fifty animals, and discovered that they were gazelles.

Near Ramadi, which was embowered in lofty date-palms and which we passed at 2.35 P.M., I saw a sailboat bound up the river, possibly from the Persian Gulf. I next noted a broad bright surface to the south: Habbania Lake, its waters making a striking contrast of silken blue and green against the brown terraces of the surrounding desert. At Feluja, where the caravan route crosses the Euphrates over a bridge, I crossed to the north bank of the river, and passing some kilometres of fertile and cultivated bottom-lands, bade the stream farewell and flew almost directly eastward along the railway line.

Visibility continued to grow worse. Although it was not raining, I had the impression of being in a shower. I could see scarcely more than four kilometres ahead and kept close to the steel ribbons that were my guide. Suddenly a broad river appeared in front of me: the Tigris. I crossed it, but still could see nothing but groves of date palm and tiny native huts. The British aviation field, which, according to my French informants, was just south of Bagdad, was nowhere visible. I flew over the big city at a height of eighty metres. Its mosques and low, and for the most part roofless, clay huts gave the place a look of utter strangeness. After circling in vain toward the south I began to wonder if I were really on the northeastern side of the Tigris. At last I descried, some eighteen kilometres from Bagdad, a group of great hangars and sheds dotting the yellow desert sand, and a gigantic field beyond them. The Englishmen had caught sight of me first and shot two rockets into the air. I steered directly for them and landed after making a few steep spirals for the benefit of the military gentlemen waiting to receive me.

They welcomed me with characteristic well-bred English-sportsman enthusiasm. An officer of high rank greeted us officially, and a few minutes later I found myself in front of a warm open fire conversing with the officers of the 55th Aviation Squadron, whose

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commander, Captain Silly, to my extreme astonishment, spoke Swiss-German fluently. He had attended school for five years in my native town, St. Gall. The officers had been expecting me ever since the end of December, having been notified of my prospective trip from London. They had heard nothing of my detention in Turkey, but had kept informed by radio of my progress to-day from every French aviation station I passed. Planes had been held in readiness to hunt for me if I did not arrive within an hour of the expected time.

I feel immensely comfortable and cozy here, although the rain beats a regular tattoo against the windows. Five thousand kilometres over land and water practically without a hitch is excellent testimony to the strength and solidity of our Junker all-metal plane. I am told that the present weather in Irak is unprecedented. It has not been so cold for eleven years. Water freezes hard in the irrigation ditches overnight, and the natives, who go about barefoot and half-naked, are suffering intensely.

January 27. — We have spent three days in Bagdad, the City of the Thousand Nights, waiting for two things — better weather and telegraphic instructions from Teheran. The delay has not displeased me, for I have found the picturesque life of this big mud-town, lining both banks of the broad Tigris, an interesting spectacle. Meanwhile the weather has improved daily. A sharp, cold north wind blowing directly from the snow-capped peaks of Persia has cleared the atmosphere.

Therefore I have decided this morning not to await a reply from Teheran, but to set out at once. We are hardly a kilometre from the great aviation field, however, before with a sharp report a spark plug flies off the front cylinder of the motor. I make a quick turn, and five minutes later bring my heavily laden machine back to the landing-place. I noticed at the take-off that the motor was not working properly, and that the radiator water was boiling. Upon investigating my fuel-tanks I find that they have been filled by mistake with gasoline of too heavy quality. By the time this is remedied it is already afternoon and too late to start to-day. I thank my good fortune that the error was discovered so soon. A forced landing in the desert or in the snow-covered highlands of Persia would have been an unpleasant experience.

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MY TIME IN PRISON[1]

BY CONVICT NUMBER 1204

WISELY or unwisely, according to the point of view adopted, the average man or woman avoids even mental contact with the various phases of experience which prison life implies, as lying quite outside the range of normal interests. To most, prisons are just ugly, Bastille-like buildings where the criminal expiates his crime, and is supposed to be deterred from doing it again. They are places of secrecy and mystery, and their inmates are persons from whom society shrinks with pity or aversion, as the case may be. Yet if one considers the complex forces which produce the criminal, the nature of the influences which mould him for better or worse, and the importance of the problem of crime and its treatment as it affects the well-being of society as a whole, it is doubtful whether this studied avoidance of what is generally regarded as a sordid subject does not do more harm than good.

My object in attempting to describe certain aspects of prison life is not to excite morbid curiosity, but to stimulate a healthy interest in the lives and conditions of that melancholy army of boys and girls, men and women, who, for various reasons, find themselves in prison. Every day that passes some hundreds of people pass from the glory of God's sunshine into the sombre shadows of the House of Pain and vain regrets. To some it is the *via dolorosa* that leads to nobler heights of endeavor; to many it is the road that leads to hopelessness and despair. And if I prefer to stress the darker aspects of prison life, it is not because I am obsessed by them, but because I feel that it is more helpful to give an account of certain positive efforts that are being made to establish the prison system on a more humane and helpful basis. This can best be done by indicating the contrast between the conditions which existed at the time of my conviction and those which exist to-day.

In August 1918, for reasons with which I will not trouble the reader, I found myself in the dock at the London Sessions, charged with an offense against property. For nearly a month I had been in Brixton Prison awaiting trial, and at last the strain of prolonged suspense was to end. Personally, I was more distressed by the waiting than by the actual sentence passed. For, although penal servitude had for me all the terrors of the unknown, I experienced positive relief when the chairman, Mr. Laurie, sent me to penal servitude for five years. I heard the sentence quite unmoved — not, I think, because I was callous or indifferent, but because I had resigned myself to any contingency. All the while I was in the dock the lines of Henley's 'Invictus' were running through my mind, and I mentally repeated them again and again. The day before, a friend (now dead, alas!) came to see me, and his final words were: 'Bite on the bullet, old chap.' I *was* biting on the bullet. My only sensation for some hours after conviction was one of intense relief, and a vague sense of readjustment to the new conditions. I know that when I left the

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *March*

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dock and was locked in a tiny cell with another fellow I felt more concern for him than for myself, because he had only recently been married, and, falling on evil times, had committed a burglary and had got eighteen months for it. I discussed my own position quite impersonally, and without the least consciousness of bitterness or injustice.

The journey to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison in a crowded prison-van on a hot summer's day was simply hell! Each of us was fastened in a tiny receptacle, in which movement was impossible, and the journey was a long one. These vans are still used, and cause quite unnecessary suffering. At the time of which I am writing prison life was quite unrelieved by any rational outlet. All convicts had to serve a varying period in solitary confinement of from one to three months. As the weather got colder an epidemic of influenza broke out, and my departure to Parkhurst was delayed so long that I served over four months in solitary confinement. I endured this in preference to sitting for hours every day in dumb silence under the appalling conditions that characterized what was cynically called 'associated labor.' The only redeeming feature at the 'Scrubbs' was the chapel and the organ music. The chapel is the handsomest of all prison chapels, and the music and singing were good. But the standard of preaching was low. It had neither intellectuality nor appeal. One of the chaplains sometimes gave interesting little cameos from history, but even these were so strongly tinged by sectarian prejudices that they lost their charm for me, and I got excused from attending chapel altogether. The prison clothes served out to me were so disgustingly filthy that I contracted itch, and had to undergo an equally disgusting form of treatment to get rid of it. I spoke my mind so freely to the prison doctor about it that I got three days' bread and water for 'insolence.'

For more than four months I spent twenty-three hours out of twenty-four in solitary confinement, employed on monotonous, uninteresting, and worthless labor. My only solace was books. At first, for a month, I was allowed only one book, and had no choice in that. Books were issued arbitrarily by the prison schoolmaster, and one had to take what was given, whether suitable or not. I therefore drafted a pretty stiff petition on the subject, and thereafter got what I wanted, within the limits. I cut fiction and read science, philosophy, divinity, and miscellaneous literature. The average prison library would disgrace a village institute. Life at the 'Scrubbs' was not an exhilarating or helpful experience. It was harsh, repressive, and devoid of rational meaning or purpose. One sought refuge from insanity in sheer apathy. It is only fair to say, however, that during the last year or two the Prison Commissioners have been brought to realize that criminals cannot be converted into hopeful and useful citizens by a system that impairs character and intelligence and represses every quality that distinguishes men from brutes; and a policy of reform has been adopted and is being gradually developed which shows every indication of having far-reaching results of a reformative character.

Before passing on to Parkhurst I should like just to say that, in my humble opinion, the most fatal characteristic of prison life is the gradual process of adaptation to the more demoralizing influences of penal discipline that takes place in practically every instance. For prison life is just one long process of adaptation to the prevailing conditions and environment; and it involves the weakening — and in some cases the total destruction —

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of certain qualities without which sane and balanced living is impossible, and engenders other qualities of a degrading character which persist after release. It must be realized that this process of psychological reaction to environment in prison is just as scientific a law as is the reaction of any other organism to its environment. In other words, if a criminal is treated like a beast he will be a beast. And I am convinced that much of the recidivism which presents so baffling a problem to the sociologist is to be attributed to this adaptation to the worst features of prison life, reënforced by the material and social difficulties which every ex-prisoner is likely to encounter on release.

Just before Christmas 1918 I went to Parkhurst to begin my life as a convict in real earnest. This prison is situated in the Isle of Wight, and adjoins that expensive penal failure, Camp Hill Preventive Detention Prison for habitual criminals. The average population of Parkhurst is about seven hundred, many of whom are invalids — or pretend to be. Here one meets all sorts and conditions of men — doctors, lawyers, barristers, company-promoters, army and navy men, clergymen, and the typical Bill Sykes from the Dials. Every shade of vice, degradation, and crime is represented there, and life is rich in experience of the bewildering complexities and possibilities of human nature. I was put to work at 'tinkering'— that is, making tin utensils for prison use. After a while, finding the work uncongenial, I managed to get work as a bookbinder, and taught myself to bind books passably well. This was sedentary work, but it was a great boon to me, because all the new magazines and reviews came in to be bound, and I could read them before they passed into general circulation. In addition to these there were many volumes of miscellaneous literature and a fairly good foreign library; so that, with the official allowance of books issued to every convict, I was pretty well supplied with good reading.

After about a year at this I was put in a farm party, and spent over two years doing spade-work. The farm and market garden at Parkhurst occupies about forty acres, and every foot of it is cultivated by hand. Very little ploughing or machine work is done there; and as for men receiving agricultural training on modern lines, it is just one of those pleasant fictions that look so well in annual reports, or in an inspired magazine-article. Here again the chapel services were neither helpful nor inspiring; so, instead of listening each Sunday to a *réchauffé* of mediæval theology that has little or no bearing on modern thought, and very little application to the practical issues of life, I used to go to my cell and read the princes of literature. I trust I am not irreverent, or indifferent to the poignant appeal of Gethsemane and Golgotha, but I must confess that prison Christianity always aroused my contempt, as being an insult to the intelligence and a pitiful travesty of true religion. Space does not permit a detailed account of the daily routine of a great convict-prison, but I do want to say something about the humane reforms that were introduced in my time, in the working of which I was privileged to take a humble part as chairman and secretary of the prison club, and also as a lecturer and leader in debate. First, however, let me say that as regards local prisons generally, as well as convict prisons, the conditions are much improved. Privileges of a social and recreational character are now allowed by the Prison Commissioners, and in many prisons governors use their powers in this direction to the fullest extent. In others, unfortunately, the humane intentions of the Commis-

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sioners are frustrated by the unsympathetic attitude of the officials on the spot. A few governors are not at all in sympathy with the aims and purpose of the new methods, and as the governor of a prison has discretionary power to grant or withhold privileges which are not yet definitely attached to the progressive stage system in local prisons, it sometimes happens that the inmates of one prison have a weekly lecture and a monthly concert, besides debates and the use of writing-materials for note-taking, while in an adjoining county such privileges are either withheld altogether or granted at very long intervals. The dietary in local prisons is somewhat better, men being allowed tea for breakfast after the first month, and all prisoners, irrespective of length of sentence, are now allowed to work in association for about seven and a half hours daily on five days a week from the day of reception.

But while most men prefer associated to cellular labor, it is by no means a pleasant matter to sit with no rest for the back in one position all day in dumb silence, doing monotonous unproductive labor. One reform in particular is badly needed, and that is the abolishment of the inhuman practice of making all male prisoners under sixty sleep without a mattress for the first fourteen days. This practice of depriving men of normal sleep, just when they are suffering all the mental fatigue and nervous unrest incident to their trial and removal to prison and the distress of separation from home and loved ones, is a survival of a radically bad and vicious system. In principle it does not differ from the mediæval form of torture known as 'little ease,' and its survival in our prisons to-day is a disgrace to the nation. As the clause providing for the definition of bed has been removed from the card of rules and regulations which is issued to all prisoners and hangs in the cell, there appears to be some suspicion that governors and medical officers continue the practice without the cognizance of the Commissioners. But to return to the reforms introduced at Parkhurst in my time.

On January 1, 1922, a new scheme of penal treatment began at Parkhurst, which was selected as a pioneer prison where the new measures could be applied and results watched before further extension. In other words, the old ideal of vengeance was superseded by the realization that to get the best results the end of all penal values must be reclamation, and that punishment should not be the sole *raison d'être* of the prison system. Of course, the element of punishment is inseparable from prison treatment, and must, in the nature of the case, continue to be so, no matter how ideal the system may be. But it is possible to relieve the mental and physical strain imposed by a deadly monotony that has sent many to lunatic asylums and driven others to suicide, by relaxing the iron rule of silence and other disciplinary restraints, by encouraging more human relations between jailers and jailed, and by the adoption of an extended scale of privileges to be gained by a strictly progressive stage system. This now appears to be the aim of the Prison Commissioners.

Under the old system the stages carried negligible privileges until the long-sentence division was reached. Now, when a convict enters upon a term of penal servitude he is allowed a letter and visit at once, and is granted another letter on reception at a convict prison. After this he must wait four months for a further letter and visit, and then is allowed them at intervals of three months for two and a half years. Separate confinement has been abolished at the commencement of a sentence, and all prisoners — local and convict — are now allowed to travel in

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their own clothes instead of prison garb as formerly. The convict remains in what is called the Preliminary Grade for eighteen months, and may attend all concerts or lectures given by people from outside. At the end of this period, with good conduct, he enters the Probationary Grade, and remains in it one year.

In this grade he is allowed to attend all concerts, lectures, and debates organized by the convicts themselves, but may not take an active part in them. Men in this and higher grades also enjoy the privilege of an hour's exercise in the open air during the summer months; they may either saunter about and enjoy the riot of color and perfume of the flowers, or they may sit down and read their books. All evening exercise is taken on alternate evenings. After serving a year in this grade, the convict passes into the Superior Grade, in which he is allowed a letter and visit every two months. He is also allowed evening recreation every alternate evening (Sundays excepted) all the year round. For this hour he may read, talk, play games such as chess, draughts, and dominoes, or stroll about. Further, he is allowed a looking-glass, a safety razor, at the public expense (all convicts are now allowed to purchase shaving tackle on reception at a convict prison), a washstand, enamel toilet-utensils, and extra books. He is eligible to serve as chairman of the prison club, or on the committee. There are two prison clubs at Parkhurst, one for 'star' convicts, and another for recidivists.

The members of the club are men in the Superior and Special Grades, and the chairman and committee of each are elected by convict ballot. All concerts, lectures, debates, and such affairs, are organized by the committees of their respective clubs, but every member of the club has the right to make suggestions or demur to any particular policy being pursued. The clubs are quite distinct, but they coöperate in organizing programmes for the benefit of the convicts as a whole. Each club is called 'The Mutual Welfare League.' Eighteen months in the Superior Grade brings the convict to the Special Grade. This is the highest grade of all, and can only be reached by men serving six years or over. It is equivalent to the long-sentence division under the old system, but it carries more privileges. Men in this grade are distinguished by a special dress, are allowed a letter and visit every month, tobacco, and a weekly newspaper. They receive an allowance of two shillings and sixpence a month with which to buy tobacco, newspapers, or anything else they may fancy in the way of condiments, groceries, fruit, sweets, and so on.

Thus it will be seen that men do not pass straight from the dock to the enjoyment of any privileges that may be going, much as they would like to, for the new scheme is on a strictly progressive basis, making good conduct and industry an absolute *sine qua non*. Surely it is not pampering criminals to provide them with rational means of escape from the appalling monotony and sterility which characterize practically every phase of prison life to the destruction of healthy initiative, self-respect, and the sense of personal responsibility, and, what is more important, from the inevitable viciousness which is bred in the hearts and minds of men living unnatural lives for long years together. These considerations alone abundantly justify the inception of such humane ideals in our prisons to-day. And the moral results will be correspondingly good. How can it be otherwise? Even criminals are more susceptible to kindness and sympathy than they are to brutality and cruelty, and the general tone of all the prisons where this ideal

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forms the basis of treatment bears out this statement in the fullest possible way. Nor must it be supposed that the existence of such privileges as those I have described makes prison life a bed of roses. Notwithstanding all this, prison life is hard, terribly hard. Men, and women too, need all the moral courage and spiritual strength their higher natures can supply to retain their manhood and womanhood and leave prison with the determination to achieve an honorable, if humble, place in the ranks of society.

THE AWAKENING[1]

BY MARIE LENÉRU

[MARIE LENÉRU was born in Brest in 1875. In spite of the handicap of complete deafness and endangered sight which affected her from the age of fourteen, she became a successful dramatist and gained many literary friends in Paris. After her death in 1918 her fame both as a woman and an author was extended considerably by the publication of her journal. In it are revealed the suffering and the overwhelming sense of frustration which in the following short story, her first published work, are given a symbolic form. This story obtained the prize awarded by *Le Journal* of Paris in 1908.]

'Who can tell what life is?'

THE sculptor was no longer young.

It is a question whether he had talent, but at least his works sold. He could not, however, bring himself to part with his Sleeping Girl, although it had several times been spoken for.

This was a statue in alabaster, of life size; but the model must have been small or else of tender years — perhaps fourteen or fifteen. It is difficult to account for the drapery or for the position. The figure lay on one side, asleep, with cheek against the ground. The arm from which the cheek had slipped was thrown slightly forward, with hand pressed against the rough herbage of the marble. The other arm followed the beautiful lines of the sleeping figure, and its palm, half-open as if in expectation, seemed to await rebirth.

For three years this piece of marble, sleeping in its corner, had brought joy to the old sculptor's heart. He gazed upon it as he smoked his pipe, and as he passed it his toil-worn fingers would slowly appraise its workmanship with that never-failing caress which we bestow, when alone, upon the mystery of the lower animals.

Who can tell what life is? How is the first throb given, how received? Is flesh and blood the only thing so docile and malleable that it can guard within itself the quivering, spiritual impulse of a soul? The woods live; the unyielding heart of an oak knows spring and autumn. It wills growth, it wills the strength of its trunk, the grip of its roots, the recurring triumph of its leaves. For a hundred years this will continues in it. The diamond lives and moves and has its being. In crystal seeking out crystal and consciously,

[1] From *La Revue Hebdomadaire* (Paris literary weekly)

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patiently working toward this precious thing which must be of the hardest and strongest so that it may endure, endure forever, is there not already life, in love with itself, defending itself? If we could but see the atom's effort, its frantic energy, its frenzied clinging to its neighbor! If we could but understand all the tremors of sympathy reaching to infinity which hold the planets in their courses and keep the earth's marble invincibly compact!

One day, when the old man, house-weary and out of sorts from being too much in the one room, felt his very soul ill at ease, and when through his glance and the fluid touch of his fingers he had sunk his human influence into the feverish mystery of the marble, a strange and fearful thing came to pass. The statue did not come to life; it showed no outward signs of animation. The sculptor was, doubtless, too old for that. It had none of the sparkle of life, the voice, the movement, none of the feelings which enraptured Galatea. And yet something human had entered into it and dwelt within its marble.

And this is how it came about. That very night there was a storm. It seemed as if the long peals of thunder were shattering to ruins all that resisted them. Lightning too may have fallen, but if so it was not upon this house where the statue lay with cheek and hand pressed against the earth. Through its pedestal, resting upon the drugget of the trembling floor, it felt the great, unutterable shock, terrible, sudden, wonderful, of Life. All night the statue remained in a rapturous trance. It crouched yet nearer to the floor, to sense more fully the mystery. Thus, we imagine, after centuries of the tomb's oblivion, might the first memory awaken and the first shudder be recognized as life.

No longer did the statue desire sleep. Quiescent, it became the sport of its new-found sensations, and lost itself in a distraught intoxication of consciousness. Within it dwelt that ineffable something which is, in fact, the soul, and which we call attentiveness. Absorbed, the statue listened, listened with all its shuddering flesh, with all its young echoing heart, to the great blows struck by Life.

The storm continued thus for a whole day. Then silence fell and the trembling ceased. The statue felt lonely and motionless in its marble, as if returning to oblivion. But confidence had sprung out of this new happiness, and the statue put trust in its new sensations. And so, with the patience of things which struggle upward toward life, it waited.

And again the miracle happened. The day following the storm, a long June day, was hot and brilliant. No longer quite asleep, the statue felt, from dawn onward, the working of a fresh wonder, different from the first. This did not reveal, like the other, a heart and living limbs, but, instead, poised a sweet bliss upon the brow of the statue as it crouched, breathless. The statue was amazed at the sense of peace which enwrapped it. As the warmth of this caress increased, as it glided from brow to cheek and bathed from hour to hour always a little more of the intent form, the statue, reaching still further toward life, awakened to all the wherefores and ponderings of humanity. The sun reached the zenith and made the first step of its descent. For seven hours the statue traced the sun's slow retreat, and felt the old chill creep back again upon its face and down to the bare tip of its captive foot. Thus, motionless, it learned of movement and space, of time, and the measure of days and seasons.

It learned besides many other things, for all the infinity of the world is in every sensation, and only the incredible

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heedlessness of man has been able to exhaust its marvels. But to a statue waiting with eyes closed, with ears attentive, a statue which does not move . . .

Like all those who are much alone and to whom the explanation of things is not given, the statue was quick to apprehend, and soon all human science and poetry lay within the desire of this sleeping figure for knowledge and emotion. The statue never wearied, for it knew not thought. Would that man too had kept such innocence! And so, filled as it was with wonder at its own life, how could it know that in it there was so much death? Did it guess that eyes may open, ears vibrate, lips drink, and nostrils quiver? Do men regret the marvelous organs which have been denied them, the unknown senses which deprive this world of joys infinitely subtler than those derived from their unformed, superficial gropings?

But the greatest adventure was yet to come. Up to this point the statue had known, save for the wonder which is an attribute of man, only the life of primitive creatures, circumscribed within a cosmic intercourse of earth and sun, of sun and earth.

Now again, one day, the Sleeping Girl trembled; and although there was no storm, the earth seemed troubled. This time the sensation was distinct, slow, and continuous, free of the incoherent joltings of the storm, and directed with such precision that the statue knew its first fear. For in this novel thing it had divined intention, recognized the movement of volition, and, like the castaway on his island, discovered a human footprint.

A step approached. It was the old sculptor, who had just come in, depressed perhaps by the disappointments which assail humanity. With the childishness of suffering he took the statue's hand and pressed it as if it had really been a woman's. The statue was amazed. But how could it, poor little thing, new and cold to life, understand what was asked of it? Ignorant alike of the touching eloquence of a glance or of the tender sympathy of the voice, it remained hard and distant in its placidity. Only slowly did it learn to love the sculptor. He had to come many times and teach, with his lips, his wrinkling brow, his tears, the lesson of humanity. But afterward, how great was the change, how urgent the need of his presence! For the statue, who had no clue to the reassuring sounds of this life or to the intimacies of daily routine, could only cling to this man as to its one familiar friend.

Happily the statue was placed near the window; for the old man loved to feel the heat of the sun. As he talked to visitors, often with his elbow resting on its pedestal, the statue began to suspect the mystery syllabled forth by the voices; indeed, so vividly did the human intonations explain themselves, so quickly was the emotional content laid bare, that, for the first time, the poor statue felt a doubt as to its own good fortune, and realized that its lips, in spite of their instinctive vibrations, were dumb. That day was one of great progress; for the discovery of suffering is no small thing, and the first human agony — which is now so far in the past — sprang from the longing for some means of expression. Doubtless the statue did not know that it understood nothing, and that, not understanding, it could only be silent.

To those who are astonished at this awakening, apart from all human language, of thought which could thus discover and feel without the chattering guidance of words, I reply that the inner word is unnecessary, since, if we have not thought before we have coined our phrases, how can we arrive at them at all?

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And now life became tiring and difficult. Much effort and tension were required by this imperious urgency which sought to decipher these different sensations as they recurred and combined; and all without the convenient algebra of words. The statue knew the whole travail of a soul in search of life, which must remake for itself alone the pathway trodden by humanity. To it came the great temptation which assails all statues behind their closed eyes and makes them long for nothing beyond their marble sleep.

But life, once conjured up, will not be denied except in death; and even as to that, although we have seen that statues do in truth come to life, no one has told us whether they also become mortal.

Yet another thing impressed the statue. It had begun to think itself very wise, and had said, 'I will learn nothing fresh to-day, but will begin to build a beautiful palace out of all I know.' But just then there was a movement in the room; discussion rose high, and seemed to be about the statue, for the speakers came so near that their gestures constantly brushed its surface. Yes, the old sculptor and his pupil were discussing it, and all at once the shaky old hand and the firm young one pressed in demonstration the marble beneath their touch.

Strange that the statue had not noticed the difference before! For already in the rough eloquence of footsteps, in the range of sounds which these people breathed out each day, it had learned to distinguish one person from another. But how could this fast-bound soul discover youth, unless it be that youth comes once to all?

'I wish that I were young,' thought the statue.

And again, it took a big step up the ladder of life, for it had said 'I wish.'

Its soul was now complete. The longing for things more lovely than knowledge and more moving than the human voice did not draw from it another cry. It had received from Life the gifts of Life — suffering and desire. What matter how it took these things? Or of what account the sway which intellect is wont to wield? The hollow of a sensitive hand is not too small to hold our universe.

It seemed as if the statue had reached the end of its labor. Even for the most privileged, who guard all the barriers of the soul against distraction lest they lose their gift of vigilance — even for them, Life is not always the inexhaustible book whose weight never grows heavy upon the knees. For the eyes, even of the spirit, close; and the ears, even of the heart, seek for the silence within the silence. Heaven looks down upon their weariness. But when in Heaven the voice went forth, 'Go ye and seek a statue,' the mightiest angels of all, who watch over the sorrows of humanity, looked upon each other with their wild, gloomy eyes, and, in a flight awful in its infinite descent, swept down upon the sculptor's house.

The tumult of their wings awakened the Sleeping Girl, but its heroic heart did not falter. It abandoned itself with all its sensibility to the presence of the unknown and the infinite. The warlike cherubim paused; their sharp, quick-driven breath fell all about the patient marble.

And as it waited, the statue thought, 'Existence, is it at last you?'

God's messenger stretched forth his mighty arms, and quickly, with one upward swing, the angel raised the great hammer of deliverance.

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THE CRUISE OF THE EMDEN[1]

BY EDMOND DELAGE

EVERYONE remembers how the Emden put out of Tsingtau at the beginning of the war, and how, after capturing the Russian steamer Riazan, she joined the squadron of Admiral von Spee on August 12. The cruiser had found the German war-vessels Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Nürnberg, with their convoys, anchored off Pazan, a little town in the Marianas Archipelago. The next day von Müller, her commander, went on board the flagship and requested von Spee to detach the Emden for service as a commerce-destroyer in the Indian Ocean, which was the centre of the great trade-routes leading from Australia and the Far East to India and thence on to the Suez Canal. In the period before the war England had been importing goods to the value of £74,000,000 a year from these regions, and more than five thousand vessels, sixty per cent of them English, passed through the Suez Canal annually.

After some hesitation the German admiral let himself be persuaded, and von Müller set out with the firm intention 'of doing the utmost possible harm to hostile commerce, spreading panic in the population of India, and undermining British prestige there.' The plan of operation outlined by the German Naval Staff had assigned the station at the exit from the Red Sea to the Königsberg, which was then stationed off East Africa. At first von Müller decided to limit the Emden's field of action to the eastern part of the Indian Ocean, and especially to the Gulf of Bengal, and, arriving in those waters during the first week of September, he carried out the first series of his exploits.

On September 5 he steered for Ceylon and, when he was about two hundred miles off the coast, struck the Colombo-Calcutta trade-route about a hundred and fifty miles south of Madras, still accompanied by his convoy-ship Markomannia. All lights were masked and he showed no colors. He reached the vicinity at a peculiarly favorable moment, for the British East Indian squadron was wholly occupied with troop-convoys. Merchant shipping was unsuspicious, and the captains, unduly confident after the long inaction of the Königsberg, paid no attention to the British Admiralty's orders to avoid usual trade-routes, and likewise neglected the orders relative to lights. The Emden's chase was destined to be fruitful. On September 10, in spite of the darkness and masked lights, von Müller made out the Greek steamer Pontoporros, en route from Calcutta to Karachi with six thousand tons of Bengal coal. He ran up to within a thousand yards and shouted through a megaphone: 'Stop! Don't use your wireless. We are sending a boat on board!' The Greek claimed the privileges of neutrality, but unluckily for her she was carrying contraband, a cargo of coal, — very bad Indian coal at that, — which was transferred in the open sea to the German convoy-ship. The Greek vessel received a prize crew and orders to follow the Emden, which

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it was to serve as a 'depot ship' — the name given by the Germans to the vessels used to take on board the crews of all ships sunk or captured and carry them to safety on the coast. A series of uninterrupted captures — the Indus, the Loval, the Kabinga, the Killin, the Diplomat — filled the next few days.

Proceedings were generally about as follows. Once the enemy ship had been forced to heave to, the Emden would send a dozen men on board, who hastily did everything necessary for the destruction of the vessel, took off the passengers, confiscated such food or provisions as seemed useful, and returned to their own vessel. Before long another mast would show on the horizon, and the same operation would be repeated. Meantime the Emden would thus collect five or six vessels in the same spot. The passengers would then be transferred to the depot ship — a rôle in which the Kabinga succeeded the Pontoporros. When the ship was full, it would be set free and receive permission to sail for Calcutta. The Emden's crew soon became perfect virtuosos in the art of destruction. The prize crew would go down into the engine-room, open the condenser valves, admitting the water in a flood as big as a man's body. The steel door opening into the firerooms would then be opened wide and the sea would at once pour in. The other compartments of the ship were generally smashed open by the use of dynamite. Sometimes the ship would oscillate and go down slowly till the whole mass was level with the surface of the water; sometimes the prow would plunge, throwing the screws and the rudder high into the air; but either way, in a few moments the ship would go to the bottom. Air-pressure would blow in the stern bulkheads and a cloud of watery dust would burst out from all these openings to the height of several metres above the surface. A whirlpool would engulf the struggling ship, and presently only a few floating beams and spots of oil scattered on the sea would mark the place of its burial.

The Gulf of Bengal soon seemed to be exhausted, all navigation having been brought to a halt; and von Müller, after having laid his ship alongside the Pontoporros and coaled, crossed the gulf and stood for Burma. Nothing further was heard of the Emden for a week. The Indian Government was already spreading the report of her loss when von Müller decided on a surprise attack. On September 19 he crossed the course of the British cruiser Hampshire, then only a little way ahead of him, and steered for Madras. In vain did the sixteen ships detached in pursuit explore these waters. On the twenty-second the Colombo-Calcutta route was again opened for navigation, and that same day, at twenty minutes past nine in the evening, the Emden turned up at Madras. Von Müller ran his boat to within 3000 metres of the port. The night was clear and the pilot light was burning brightly. The Emden's searchlights illuminated the big oil tanks painted white with red borders and standing near the sea. The first shots fell short and hit a steamer, but the next sent up two big tanks in a burst of blackish-yellow flame, soon followed by an immense cloud of black smoke. Two thousand tons of petrol were on fire. The Emden's guns did not hit three other tanks, two of which, however, were empty; and as the coast-defense batteries were opening a tardy fire, the Emden pretended to steer north and then disappeared on a southerly course. Next day, being out of sight of land, she left the Gulf of Bengal, but the Germans, looking back for a long time, could see until they were ninety miles at sea the dark and heavy

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cloud of smoke which hung over Madras.

The problem of coal, a vital matter for the Emden, now began to disturb von Müller. The Indian coal taken from the Pontoporros was likely to betray the cruiser's presence, and was sooting up her funnels. But Providence blessed the Germans with a collier of seven thousand tons, loaded with first-class French coal. The Emden now swung around Ceylon, capturing and destroying as she went, and finally posted herself midway between Ceylon and the Maldives, skimming the best from these rich waters.

The steamer Gryfevale joined her escort, but was dismissed by von Müller, loaded with sailors and passengers, to announce in India the destruction of five ships totaling about twenty thousand tons. All navigation was now stopped to the east and west of Colombo, while sixteen armed men-of-war — English, French, Russian, and Japanese — were in chase, all of them individually superior to the Emden. A fight, even though indecisive, would probably be fatal, since there was no chance for repairs or for making up losses. The eventual outcome of the raid was in no doubt whatever: it meant certain destruction. The German corsair was making an average of eleven knots, which it could not improve, as its hull was thick with barnacles and seaweed, and it was further delayed by its accompanying collier.

Von Müller spent most of his time on the bridge, where armchairs had been installed; and here he hung over his maps and his navigation guides, following almost minute by minute the movements of the enemy and the intercepted wireless messages whose distance and nationality he could make out by their intensity and the manner of their sending. The officers lived a very comfortable life, but all woodwork, curtains, or other inflammable material had been removed, and night and day ammunition was kept ready at the guns. The chief pastime consisted in reading the newspapers found on the captured boats and bringing up a family of kittens whose mother had come on board the Emden before the ship left Tsingtau. The kittens received in baptism the names of the captured steamers: Pontoporros, Lovat, Indus, Kabinga.

It was not long before there was a veritable menagerie upon this strange warship. Pigs, sheep, pigeons, chickens, geese, and even an antelope of which the crew made a pet — for the men had plenty of leisure, their principal occupations being lookout duty, frequent calls to combat posts, and especially coaling at sea. Their morale was carefully watched over by the officers, who read them the newspapers, explaining and commenting upon the general situation. Every afternoon the ship's band gave a concert, and the men used to dance and sing choruses. By rifling the vessels that they captured, they could live in luxury. Strings of hams and sausages hung from the skylights, and chocolate confectionary, English claret, and three-starred cognac improved the menus. Ordinary meals were not sufficient to exhaust the stocks, and it was necessary to introduce specials on the bill of fare. Hundreds of thousands of cigarettes were passed over to the crew, and there was a veritable storehouse of bric-a-brac on board. Nothing was lacking to make the corsairs happy, even though fate was ever hanging over them.

Tragic though this cruise was in certain of its aspects, it had plenty of comic incidents, some of them almost incredible. Von Müller, having decided to clean the hull of his cruiser, left the ordinary trade-routes of the Gulf of Bengal and anchored at Diego

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Garcia, a little English island lost in the Indian Ocean. The English flag was floating on shore, whence an old Englishman, director of the island's plantations, put off in a small boat, loaded with fish, eggs, and beans, to greet the officers and crew. Diego Garcia was in touch with Mauritius by a postal service which ran every six months. No one there knew anything about the war, and von Müller took good care not to destroy his host's illusions. Part of the crew enjoyed the pleasures of fishing, while the cruiser, heeled over on each side alternately, was freed of weeds and barnacles. It was heavily loaded with coal, and von Müller at first thought of putting to sea again and operating in the region west of Colombo. The Emden left her anchorage at Diego Garcia at about eleven o'clock in the morning of October 10. Wireless messages from the Hampton were becoming more and more intense, that vessel's commander, who was looking for the Emden, having got the idea that she was coaling in the Maldives; but after acting on the hint of a harbor master who claimed to have seen the German cruiser, he began to explore the Lakedives.

On October 13 the two adversaries crossed at a distance of about three hundred miles, going in opposite directions. On October 15 the auxiliary cruiser Empress of India, coöperating with the Hampton, anchored at Diego Garcia, and the old Englishman of the island was disillusioned. The British vessels put off in haste toward the north, after having begun once more their searches and patrols around Ceylon. On the twentieth they got news again of fresh successes for the German corsair. In view of the harsh lessons which the Emden had taught merchant shipping, the English Admiralty required the strictest precautions of all merchant commanders. The best method of escaping capture, declared an instruction dated October 13, was to avoid the usual routes entirely, reducing to a minimum the number of lights visible by night, and making the time of sailing as secret as possible.

Within a few days the Emden had caught more ships in the Indian Ocean than all the German cruisers in the Atlantic had captured since the war began. The farther shipping was from its normal routes the greater would be its security. Wireless communication was to be reduced to a minimum. All information as to the position of the ship or its future movements was to be kept carefully secret. But all these precautions did not prevent von Müller from making a rich haul near Minikoi and the waters between there and Ceylon, where he took the Clan-Grant, the Benmohr, the Troilus, the Ponrabbel, the Saint-Egbert, the Exford, and the Chilkana, so that for several days the Emden sailed with two steamers on each side of her. At seven o'clock in the morning of October 19 she left the ordinary routes to carry out a series of indispensable activities: first, to transfer from the Buresk to the Saint-Egbert the crews and passengers of the Clan-Grant, the Benmohr, the Ponrabbel, the Troilus, and the Exford; then to make up for her new convoy, the Exford, a crew partly borrowed from that of the Emden herself, though mainly composed of Chinese who had been found on the captured boats, and to replace with these Chinese the less useful Arabs on board the Buresk; and finally to take on board the Emden, the Buresk, the Exford, and the Saint-Egbert the largest possible quantity of food, materiel, and medicine, and to give the Exford some of the machine-oil on board the Buresk. This single example shows how complex were the operations that the Emden had to

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undertake on the open sea without any protection and with the constant danger that a hostile cruiser might put in an appearance.

The most dangerous manœuvre, and the most annoying for the crew, that the Emden had to undertake was coaling, which had to be carried out at sea while the vessels swayed in the heavy swell of the Indian Ocean. The cruiser had to protect herself by means of 'defenses' against the somewhat violent movements of the colliers moored at her side. Those already on board, which had been used when she anchored, were soon torn away, and it was necessary to improvise others by taking three trunks five or six yards long and wrapping them in hammocks. Von Müller also utilized a cargo of automobile tires which he found on board one of his victims. But the coaling was never free from difficulty. The vessels swayed with the waves, and sometimes crashed heavily together. The sacks of coal were hoisted on board the convoy to the top of the loading-mast, and in order to get them on board the Emden the crews had to wait for a favorable moment when the two ships were brought together, more or less violently, by the waves. The sacks were likely to crush the crews working with them, as they were let fall on the deck, and the sides of the cruiser were soon lined with dents and scars, the linoleum of the deck pierced, and its steel plates exposed. In order to walk at all in bad weather without slipping, it was necessary to roughen the decks with chisels or else cover them with canvas taken from the captured vessels; but in spite of all difficulties, the Emden filled her bunkers and loaded the deck with piles of coal-sacks.

The crew made their way about through veritable alleyways of combustibles, and sometimes big waves would upset these mountains, which encumbered every part of the vessel, while the dust of the coal filled the air and penetrated everywhere. The tropical sun made the task of handling the bags in the bunkers and storerooms almost intolerable. In bad weather the average amount of coal taken on board was forty tons an hour, but when the sea was more favorable it reached seventy. It was essential to move as fast as possible, since it was a question of life and death for everybody, the Emden being unable to fight while coaling, with her guns covered and not sighted. If a hostile cruiser had appeared on the horizon, the loss of everything would have been inevitable.

Hitherto luck had never abandoned the raider, and she was still favored with a truly miraculous combination of circumstances. After transferring all his prisoners to the Saint-Egbert, von Müller gave the commander his freedom at five o'clock in the afternoon of October 17, forbidding him to go to Bombay, Calcutta, or Colombo, but giving him the choice of disembarking his passengers between Cape Comorin and Calicut. At the same time von Müller sank the Troilus and the Chilkana, and then turned off to the south escorted by the Exford and the Buresk. At midnight on October 20 he was on the exact parallel of Colombo, whence he turned southeast at the very moment the English cruisers Hampton and the Empress of India were steaming toward the Maldives. They would certainly have fallen in with the Emden at dawn had not the skippers on board the Emden's two convoys been rather slow. To von Müller's great disgust, the speed of the cruiser herself could not be increased beyond eight or nine knots; but this very fact was his salvation, for one knot faster, or a route a little bit farther to the south, would have brought him straight to the Hampton. At half-past seven the two English ves-

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sels passed some twelve miles ahead of him, but heavy clouds hung on the horizon and squalls covered the course of the German. Once more she escaped.

The boldness of the Emden and the destruction she wrought even in the vicinity of Colombo roused a great deal of discontent among Indian business men and the British press. Indian commerce was plunged in profound depression. The financial journal, the *Calcutta Capital*, of October 28, 1914, calculated that the total of trans-oceanic business from Burma for the month of September amounted to no more than £1,633,000 as against £3,180,000 for the corresponding month of the previous year; and the results of the Emden's raids were felt as far as the Persian Gulf.

The Penang affair brought this indignation to its height. Von Müller, fearing, after his third raid, that he would find the commercial routes vigorously defended, determined on a thunderbolt surprise-attack against the very forces that were charged with protecting the traffic. He decided to appear suddenly at Penang, a point far from his previous theatre of operations, at dawn on the twenty-eighth, camouflaged with a fourth funnel which would give the Emden the appearance of an English cruiser, and thus disguised to make his way into the harbor and destroy the allied vessels at anchor there.

Penang is situated on the line between Colombo and Singapore, and is an important supply-station besides being the base of operations for the French squadron, which, however, was moored at a distance from the port, where a number of ships were anchored between the island and the mainland. The intelligence service relating to the movement of suspected vessels was working rather irregularly through the harbor master. The wireless stations on the little French boats were rather weak, and no code had been agreed upon. During the night the Russian cruiser Yenchong took a position at the entrance to the harbor, in order to cover it with her guns. Von Müller was, no doubt, kept in touch with all these details from the German steamers anchored at Sabang. At any rate, the Emden, with all lights masked and her crew at their combat posts, arrived at Penang at five o'clock on the morning of the twenty-eighth, just a little before sunrise. There was a chance of getting across the patrol line, and von Müller penetrated without alarming anyone. He made out the Yenchong about a mile away, approached to within 350 metres, and launched a torpedo, which struck near the rear funnel. At the same time all the Emden's guns opened on the bridge of the Russian. At twenty-eight minutes past five a second torpedo struck and a thick smoke hid the sinking vessel from the eyes of the German. On the French cruiser D'Iberville all this was supposed to be a misunderstanding between allied vessels. The illusion did not last long, but the Emden was already out of torpedo range from the small French vessel. Von Müller had succeeded in his stroke. He had sunk a cruiser equal in size to his own. What point was there in lingering to destroy other vessels of no importance? He made for the high seas, but found time before leaving the roadstead to deal with the Glenturret, which was hove to awaiting a pilot. The French warship Mousquet was still at sea, but she heard nothing and received no warning. At twenty minutes past six her lookout saw a cruiser with four funnels emerging from the port. Taking the vessel for an ally, the Mousquet saluted and steamed toward her, whereupon the Emden hoisted her colors and opened fire at about four thousand

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yards. The third salvo struck, destroying the wireless, the stern boiler-room, and damaging the forward boiler-room of the French torpedo-boat. The vessel sank, carrying down forty-three of her crew of eighty. The French guns fired without avail to the last minute. Von Müller, who was not afraid to linger, with scrupulous correctness sent out two boats, which gathered up the survivors. Ensign Carissan died on board the Emden after having expressed the wish to be the last man rescued. All the officers died like heroes, and the dead were buried in the open sea, while the Germans, in full uniform, with von Müller at their head, rendered funeral honors, after which the undamaged Emden made off at twenty knots.

This raid struck fresh consternation into India and Australia, and the British Admiralty took further defensive measures, assigning for the purpose the Yarmouth, the Hampshire, the Empress of Asia, the Empress of Russia, and the Russian warship Askold. The Gloucester, moreover, was directed to steam into the Indian Ocean, and the Japanese made up a third squadron.

The fate of the Emden was approaching, for she was soon to succumb to the Sydney in the course of an attempted raid on the Cocos Islands.

Von Müller had decided on the following objectives: to terrify Australia; to destroy the station where three cables met at Direction Island; to drive some of the English cruisers out of the Indian Ocean; and finally to return into the Gulf of Aden along the course from Bombay to Aden. After coaling, he made for the high sea at about six o'clock in the evening on November 2, cruising unsuccessfully during November 4 and 5 in the Strait of Sonda, and then steering for the Cocos Islands after ordering the Buresk to wait for him with coal thirty miles north of the Keeling Archipelago. Meantime the Emden herself, camouflaged with her fourth funnel, as usual, anchored off Port Refuge at six o'clock in the morning of November 9. No hostile vessel was visible either at anchor or on the horizon, and a landing party commanded by Commandant von Mucke, with two other officers, six petty officers, and thirty-eight men, disembarked under von Müller's orders. They cut the cables and wrecked the station from top to bottom. Wishing to take advantage of a good anchorage and the security which he believed absolute, von Müller ordered the Buresk by wireless to join him there. Before the landing party had been put on shore, however, the wireless station had observed the camouflage of the Emden and had had just time to send a message, 'Strange ship off entrance.' At the same time von Müller heard a hostile warship calling the station. Estimating his distance by the force of the wireless as about two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles, he did not think it necessary to withdraw his landing party, but he gave up the idea of coaling and decided to put to sea. At about ten o'clock, just as the landing party were ready to rejoin their vessel, they saw the Emden signaling with her searchlights, lifting anchor, and getting ready for battle. She had hoisted her fighting-flag and was already firing on an invisible enemy. In a little while tall columns of water were rising around her. The corsair was fighting a battle to death.

After the raid on Penang, Admiral Jerram had decided to finish with the German cruiser once for all. The great Anzac convoy was to cross the waters that he was charged with protecting. The Admiral understood the importance of the Cocos Islands, and had trusted the cable station with the secret calls of all Allied cruisers, in case

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of German attack. On November 1 the Anzacs had sailed from King George's Sound, escorted by the Melbourne, the Sydney, the Minotaur, — later replaced by the Ibuki, — after Admiral Jerram had given warning that the Emden might attack the Cocos Islands. During the night of November 8 and 9 the convoy was a hundred and sixty miles east of the Island, and no more than fifty-five miles north of the Island, when, shortly before seven o'clock, the Melbourne heard the signal from the Island station. The convoy commander on board the Melbourne was still afraid of an attack by the Königsberg, and therefore had, with the Ibuki, remained on guard with the transports and detached the Sydney — a vessel launched in 1913, displacing 5250 tons, capable of twenty-five knots, carrying eight 15-centimetre guns and four 76-millimetre guns besides two torpedo-tubes. It would have no difficulty with the 3600 tons, twenty-four knots, and ten 105-millimetre guns of the Emden. At a quarter past nine the Sydney, steaming twenty knots, caught sight of the German. The sea was calm and the air clear. The Sydney at first got the range too long, and did not register its first hit till its twelfth salvo. Its speed, which was actually four knots greater than its opponent's, enabled her to stay out of range. Ten minutes after the battle began, the fire of the corsair became less accurate, her range-finder, steering apparatus, first funnel, and first mast having been destroyed, and her gun crews put out of action. For a few moments the two enemies fought at random, the German fire having lost all strength and accuracy. The Emden tried to close with the Sydney. After forty minutes her fire-control and two other funnels were gone, while the enemy's fire swept front and rear. Toward half-past ten the Emden came about and made off to starboard, still firing; but the Sydney, endeavoring to block her way, succeeded, at twenty minutes past eleven, in driving her on to the reefs along the south coast of Keeling Island. The Sydney left her there and made off in chase of the Buresk. Returning about four o'clock, she found the German cruiser still unwilling to haul down her flag. At half-past four the Sydney once more opened fire upon the wreck. Five minutes later the German consented to haul down her colors, her stern being already above the waves. The English small boats came up with casks of fresh water for the Germans, on which the survivors fell greedily. Von Müller was among them, as well as eleven officers, nine petty officers, one hundred and ninety-one men, of whom fifty-three were wounded. All the rest were dead.

Thus ended the career of the corsair. She had destroyed or captured twenty-four steamers totaling 105,413 tons, a French torpedo-boat, a small Russian cruiser, the oil tanks at Madras, the Cocos Island station, and had done all this in three short raids amounting to ninety-five days' sailing since leaving Tsingtau. As Captain Chack of the French navy has very properly shown, there is a great tactical difference between von Müller and Kohler, commander of the Karlsruhe. The latter was simply a destroyer of ships. Von Müller was much more than that: he was a strategist who struck the utmost terror into shipping. The actual damage that he did is negligible compared to the panic spread by his daring raids. After he had been disposed of, English navigation lost its most dangerous opponent. The Indian Ocean was free.

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SWINBURNE AND CONVENTIONAL CRITICISM[1]

BY ALFRED NOYES

LIKE most of the poets of the nineteenth century, Swinburne has been subjected to a great deal of negative criticism in recent years. The time has now come when it ought to be possible to arrive at a just balance. Most of his negative critics have admitted that he was a genius, and even a great genius; but in pointing out his failures they have sometimes forgotten the chief task of criticism — the separation of the good from the bad, and the appreciation of the peculiar qualities by which his best work is distinguished. Like some of the greatest poets in history, Swinburne wrote much that fell short of his own highest achievement. But if we concentrate attention on his inferior work we are surely the chief offenders in the very matter that we are criticizing; for the task of criticism should be exactly the opposite. It may or may not be advisable for a poet to give only the topmost flower of his work to the world; but, after all, this is primarily a question of publishing. Coleridge, Shelley, Blake, and Byron, in their several kinds, published masses of work that are negligible to-day. Sections of 'Queen Mab,' as Shelley himself said, are 'villainous trash.' So are some of the vast, formless prophecies of Blake. So are some of the 'Hours of Idleness' and some of the plays of Byron. 'Manfred' has passages that are almost incredibly silly. The spirit business in the opening scene is so cheap and tawdry that if many readers had been really acquainted with it there might have been more difficulties about the Byron centenary than were actually encountered. The fame of Coleridge — which is very largely a matter of conventional repetition — rests upon a single ballad in which there are glaring inconsistencies of the imagination, and upon two incomplete fragments that lead nowhere and have little more substance than a broken opium dream. This very small body of work has qualities which entitle Coleridge to a place among the English poets, though not nearly so high a place as is conventionally accorded to him.

A very much larger volume of work could be selected from the author of 'Atalanta,' against which the main charges of his critics could not be sustained. This is the least that can be said.

But there is one charge which, if it could be sustained, would dispose of Swinburne altogether. It must be examined at the outset. I mean of course the familiar charge that he is a poet of 'sound without sense.' It is the conventional thing to say about him at the moment.

The explanation of that charge against Swinburne is that his critics have sometimes misunderstood the real nature of poetry and the way in which its meanings are conveyed. Tennyson, who understood both, summed up the strength and weakness of Swinburne in a single sentence when he said of him: 'He is a reed through which all things blow into music.' It is the fourth word of that sentence that

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implies the weakness, and the last that suggests the strength. The aim of Swinburne himself emerges more clearly perhaps if we add to this the remark of Walter Pater that all the arts approach perfection as they approximate to music.

Music, of course, is not merely 'sound.' Swinburne, in the preface to his collected poems, quite definitely announces his own musical aim. The musical element was for him the distinguishing characteristic of poetry. It was an indefinable virtue in the very order and arrangement of the words, not to be analyzed, but clearly recognizable by all who have the faculty of appreciating poetry. It was the inner law of the verse movement, a vital spirit that entered into the measured form, gave the words their inevitable order and brought them into consonance with universal harmonies. It is this musical element that makes great poetry untranslatable; gives the lines their time-defying quality and their magical power upon the memory. And it is just this indefinable 'music' that all the poets, from Homer and Vergil to Milton and Shelley, had in mind when they spoke of their work as 'song.'

When Vergil wrote

Olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urguet
Somnus. In æternam clauduntur lumina noctem,

it is through the 'music' of the lines that the fullness of his meaning is conveyed. The curving over of the first line to close the sentence on the heavy first word of the second gives us the drooping of the fallen warrior's head with the vividness and precision of sculpture. But there is not a single word in those lines out of which this meaning could be extracted apart from the verse movement. It is not a question of saying a given thing more or less rhythmically. There is something conveyed here over and above the thing that is being said in set terms. The words are possessed by a unifying spirit greater than themselves.

Similarly when Shakespeare wrote

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,

he is giving us more meaning, not less, than could be embodied in those words in any other order. He is giving us a music so deep and full, so universal in harmony, that it evades every attempt to analyze it or to pin it down to the limited meanings of the particular words he uses. What, for instance, is the exact meaning of the word 'rich' in the last line? The question in that form is unanswerable, because the continuous music of the line has flowed through the word and vitalized it, giving it larger and fuller and deeper meanings than any that the dictionary could give it as a separate unit. To use a figure that Browning applied to music, it has been mixed with three other sounds, and the result is 'not a fourth sound, but a star.' You may analyze a drop of water, but you can never completely analyze the subconscious sea of which this lyric is a momentary wave, and unless you can do this you can never translate into prose its full meaning. The 'thought' is not separable from the music.

In the same way Swinburne gives us the great slow movement of his funeral march in 'Atalanta': —

Would God ye could carry me
Forth of all these;
Heap sand and bury me
By the Chersonese,
Where the thundering Bosphorus answers the thunder of Pontic seas.

The meaning is not separable from the stately music. It is to be compared, not with works of prose philosophy, but with such music as that which I quoted above from Vergil. The effect in part

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is pictorial. It is suffused with noble feeling; and, in the last majestic line, it rolls upon the inner ear the sound of those eternal forces of nature which Wordsworth heard, making

A sound like thunder, everlastingly.

In this way, the way of the artist, the tragedy of Meleager is presented to us — *sub specie æternitatis;* and to call that noble harmony 'merely sound' is to misunderstand the nature, not only of poetry, but of all art. One might as well call the Parthenon 'merely marble' because it does not compete with Professor Bradley's *Logic* or the works of the latest sociologist by their own methods. This is the glory of poetry — that it has all the meanings of perfection and that it is complete in itself. Its meanings are not conveyed by the methods of the leading article, or the textbook, or the photographically descriptive image. They are conveyed by subtle inner harmonies, by the significant relation of ideas that are implicated in those harmonies, and by the symbol that shadows forth 'much in little.'

Under green apple boughs
My Lady hath her house.
She wears between her brows
The flower thereof;
All saying but what God saith
To her is as vain breath;
She is more strong than Death,
Being strong as Love.

This is where some of our modern realists have gone astray; for while in itself their work may have its own great virtues, these are often the virtues of prose, not of 'song' as Homer, Dante, Milton, Shelley, and all their peers in all the languages of Europe have understood it.

I have noticed that whenever any reasoned answer is given to the depreciation of a great poet, no matter how persistent the depreciation may have been, the cry at once goes up that nobody of importance every really uttered it or believed it, and that the defense was unnecessary. Let me quote, therefore, an amazing passage from one of Swinburne's own editors. Mr. Stoddard, in the preface to his American edition of Swinburne's work, remarks: —

'Swinburne has written no line that lingers in the memory, and has uttered nothing that resembles a thought. *This could not have been the case if he had been gifted with unusual mental endowments; for many a lesser poet has occasionally thought to some purpose, and has written verses that are remembered.*'

Surely in that case the 'lesser poet' is the greater. If not, why not? Some of these statements are simply not true. I can refute the first sentence personally; for many hundreds of Swinburne's lines linger in my own mind, including many entire poems, although I have never made any conscious effort to memorize them. Moreover the logic of the passage is obviously absurd. One would at least like to have a very careful and elaborate analysis of the rich and strange contents of verses which, despite their meaninglessness and their intellectual insignificance, nevertheless give Swinburne so high a place. Surely the fault here is due to a misapprehension of the nature of poetry and its methods.

There is no end to the tangle of absurdities into which we may fall when we begin to treat form and thought in the arts as though they were quite independent. To all art, the great lines of Spenser have a very special application: —

For of the soule the bodie form doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

There is considerable scientific justification for saying that to a very great extent the development of thought is coincident with and dependent upon

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the development of language; but if it be granted that a man may have great thoughts which he is unable to express, it still remains true that in any art his work is of value only in so far as some expression is given to those thoughts. Total failure to express may mean something in life but it means nothing in art. Art is expression. It is only by form that the artist can express himself. Whenever the form fails, the expression of a thought will suffer to the exact degree of that failure; and wherever the thought fails, to just that degree will the form reveal the flaw. The perfect expression of an insignificant thought will never be anything but insignificant in form. If it begins to be more, something has really been added in the music. Thought, or what Rossetti called 'fundamental brain-work,' is as necessary to really beautiful form in literature as form is to the completely true expression of any meaning whatsoever. Just so far as a poem does really approach perfect beauty in music and form, it embodies, and must embody, a meaning of equal and inseparable value, though it is expressed by artistic and not by philosophic means. To say that the music is exquisite, but it has no meaning, is to prove that you have made one of two serious mistakes. Either you are approaching a work of art by the wrong road, and asking it to convey its meaning to you by the wrong means; or else you have made a mistake about its quality, and the music is not exquisite, and you have allowed your own mind to be fooled by false appearances. Would you correct a weakness, an insipid smoothness, a rough crudity, your mind must first seize the thought, and then you must work upon the form to express it. There is no other way, and there is no escape from this invincible unity of art —

Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought,
Nor Love her body from her soul.

If the thought of Swinburne on certain occasions is really inferior to that of Browning, then, despite all appearances, his music is really inferior; and, on examination, we shall discover that on such occasions he does not attain to the *musical* heights of the poet who wrote 'Pippa Passes.' We shall discover that Swinburne's 'music' on such occasions approximates less closely to the universal harmonies, and more closely to

Lilli-bullero — bullen-a-la.

On the other hand, if the form of Browning is really inferior to that of Swinburne on certain occasions, then we shall discover that, despite all appearances, his thought at such times is really inferior to that of the poet who wrote 'Ave atque Vale.' We shall discover that instead of soaring into the eternal regions, Browning's 'thought' on such occasions begins to resemble a 'hunt in a dark room for a black cat that is not there,' and fundamentally that is exactly the same thing as

Lilli-bullero, bullen-a-la.

At their worst, something like this does actually happen to both of these poets. But at their best, though the way be the way of art, meaning and music are wedded inseparably.

It is possible for those who do not understand the methods of poetry to read some of the great choruses in 'Atalanta' and to be carried away by the pulse of the metre, as a bad swimmer is carried away by the sea; but this is the fault of the inexperienced reader, or of the reader who is not willing to consider the aim of the poet. Take for instance these two lines only: —

Fierce air and violent light,
Sail rent and sundering oar.

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The thought and meaning here are conveyed through a musical picture just as surely as ever a painter conveyed them. It is a marvelous little impression of the sea in storm, flashed upon the mind in ten words. The effect is that of the masters.

And now take the section of the great chorus in which it occurs, and consider the extraordinary combination of effects: the cumulative effect of the deferred rhymes; the placing of the word 'bowed' at the beginning of a line, as Vergil placed *somnus* in the passage quoted above; the relation of all these separate pictorial effects to their central cause — the bitter birth of Aphrodite; and their relation through that to the central figures of the tragedy. Consider, finally, the music flowing through the whole, pulsing with an emotion which also has its meaning, and conveying now an appeal, now a cry of despair, now a deeper bitterness, but always setting the temporal in relation to the eternal, and man against the dark background of his fate.

What hadst thou to do being born,
  Mother, when winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
  A flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
  Aphrodite, a mother of strife;
For before thee some rest was on earth,
  A little respite from tears,
A little pleasure of life; . . .
Thou shouldst not so have been born;
  But death should have risen with thee,
    Mother, and visible fear,
      Grief, and the wringing of hands,
And noise of many that mourn;
  The smitten bosom, the knee
    Bowed, and in each man's ear
      A cry as of perishing lands,
  A moan as of people in prison,
    A tumult of infinite griefs;
      And thunder of storm on the sands
  And wailing of wives on the shore;
And under thee, newly arisen,
  Loud shoals and shipwrecking reefs,
    Fierce air and violent light,
  Sail rent and sundering oar; . . .

The more that great chorus is examined, the more clearly it will be observed that the meaning and the thought are shaped and conveyed by the music exactly as they were conveyed by that of the great poet whom I quoted earlier. Consider, for instance, the way in which the stress falls upon the first syllable of the word 'mother,' and the placing of the word now at the beginning of the line, and now, with a shortening of the line, at the end: —

The dividing of friend against friend,
  The severing of brother and brother;
Wilt thou utterly bring to an end?
  Have mercy, mother!

All this is an example of how poetry through its music lifts its subject into universal significance, and fills it with deeper meanings than the set terms could convey. There is a special undertone of tragic significance in the repetition of the word 'mother,' for it is the mother of Meleager who brings death to him; and the sensitive ear can detect all these interwoven meanings in the music, though it is as impossible to analyze it as to translate the music of Sophocles. (When Sir Gilbert Murray essayed such a translation he adopted, quite definitely and directly, the methods and the very cadences of Swinburne.) All these instances of sorrow and death are linked together to illuminate the great central figures of the tragedy, and these in turn assume a universal significance. One does not say that the 'Laöcoön' is empty of meaning, or is mere form; and a greater work than the 'Laocoön' is here. And so again in 'Ave atque Vale,' with that beautiful picture of the peace of death, and the full stress of the penultimate line on the word 'quiet,' Swinburne attains to the heights that Shakespeare reached only a few times, and we can ask no more of him: —

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Content thee, howsoe'er, whose days are done.
There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight, nor sound to war against thee more,
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore.

Consider again that marvelous musical impression of the Roman arena and its gladiators; how all the splendor and pomp and cruelty of imperial Rome are passed before you in a single stanza: —

On sands by the storm never shaken,
Nor wet from the washing of tides,
Nor by foam of the waves overtaken,
Nor winds that the thunder bestrides,
But red from the print of thy paces,
Made smooth for the world and its lords,
Ringed round with a flame of fair faces
And splendid with swords.

Consider how he traces the footprints of 'Our Lady of Paris' through the ages up to that culminating stanza in which he approaches the Absolute Reality again, as though the bands of his own body were breaking and 'all came in sight.' Consider again his handling of the couplet; and the amazing mastery which enabled him to fill it, in 'Anactoria,' with such life as no other poet had ever imparted to it, and make us feel through it

The immeasurable tremor of all the sea.

It is quite safe to say that no man (not Keats, not Shelley) had ever poured such torrents of living music through that measure; and it was music significant as all great art is significant. Consider the movement of the following detached lines, for instance — the fluctuant effect in the first; the quivering effect of the redundant syllable in the second; the extraordinarily vivid descriptive effect obtained by throwing back the accent on the first syllable of 'tremble' in the fourth, so that you get the very tingle of the lute-strings: —

When all the winds of the world for pure delight
Close lips that quiver and fold up wings that ache;
When nightingales are louder for love's sake,
And leaves tremble like lute-strings or like fire.

In all this you may say that he is only painting pictures; but if you suggest that such pictures are empty of meaning, it would be legitimate to reply that you may as well close the doors of your National Gallery also, for you know nothing of art or poetry.

But there is far more even than this to be said. Mr. Gosse has pointed out, with his usual catholicity of judgment, the profound philosophic substance of a great section of Swinburne's work, though of course he would affirm also, I imagine, that it must be discovered by the way of art, not by the way of the philosophers. Mr. Gosse confirms the judgment of Professor W. K. Clifford (a rationalist of rationalists), who described Swinburne as one 'into whose work it is impossible to read more, or more fruitful, meaning than he meant in writing it.' Professor Clifford's essay on 'Cosmic Emotion' indeed illuminates the whole subject of the content and meaning of the highest kind of lyrical poetry; and Mr. Gosse, the most eminent of living critics and the least likely to be carried away by meaningless 'sound,' suggests that Swinburne is 'among the most purely philosophical of all the English poets.' He says that the 'emotion of the poet in presence of the supreme and eternal characteristics of the universe gave to the noblest parts of "Songs Before Sunrise" an intensity unique in English literature, and probably to be compared with nothing else written since the Greeks produced cosmological hymns in the fifth century B.C.'

Even if this statement were considerably modified it would still be in irreconcilable conflict with the statement of Swinburne's American editor (so typical of what is being said in England also at the present time) that there is in Swinburne's work no hint of unusual mental endowment, and nothing faintly resembling a thought. The

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only possible explanation of this conflict is a misunderstanding of the nature of poetry on the part of the latter critics. Mr. Thomas Hardy, again, will not be regarded as one who would prefer a dulcet arrangement of meaningless syllables to 'thought'; and in his 'Singer Asleep' he affirms of Swinburne that he was a minstrel who blew his flute-notes not naïvely, but as one 'who knew full well why thus he blew,' and he spoke of his power as an ever-increasing one. It is irrational to sweep such views aside as though they were negligible. When Swinburne is really 'caught up by the surrounding orchestra' of the universe, as he often is, he deals with the profoundest subject-matter of all — that loveliness of the eternal Reality which Shelley knew and hymned in 'Adonaïs': —

This woven raiment of nights and days,
  Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
  Alive and aware of thy ways and thee;
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays
  A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

Again and again through his nature-symbolism he does this; and, when he seems to be denying a faith that has frozen into lifeless creeds, he is reaffirming the greatest faith of all. No one can understand the 'Hymn of Man' who does not understand that, for Swinburne, it was the birth-song of spiritual renascence, and must be associated with his 'Hertha.' No one can understand his attacks upon one aspect of modern Christianity unless they also understand his reassertion of its inmost law: —

O sacred head, O desecrate,
  O labor-wounded feet and hands,
O blood poured forth in pledge to fate
  Of nameless lives in divers lands,
O slain and spent and sacrificed
  People, the gray-grown speechless Christ!

Mr. Robert Bridges, in his recent anthology of English poetry, included only one of Swinburne's least characteristic poems; and so fulfilled again what seems to be the chief function of his particular group — the confusion of values by concentration on the elegantly insignificant. An anthology serves a good purpose when it calls attention to what was in danger of being overlooked; but occasionally of late the purpose seems to be to prove that twenty small men, with a few poems apiece, can outweigh the real work of bigger individuals. In the highest interests of English literature it requires imperatively to be said that the truth is the exact opposite of what so many minor artists are endeavoring to impress upon the public mind; and if Swinburne were alive to-day there would be a very different tale to tell. When Mr. Bridges writes a song and says, in the first stanza: —

My eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Goddës grace;

and then changes his antique form in the very next stanza for this: —

'Tis naméd when God's name is said,'

he is writing, composing, as a man of letters, an elegant exercise, with a casual reference to an obsolete grammatical form. But the lines are not vitalized by any inner force. No blood beats in them; and they convey no profounder meaning than 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' The grammatical reference is an indication of what is occupying his thoughts. The lines are merely the work of a scholar; and the elemental music is not in them. To pretend that it is, and to elevate the nose at all work that is not equally empty, is not a proof of superiority as some of the coteries appear to think. It would be unnecessary to say these things if the coteries could refrain from depreciation of the stronger work of

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other men and could lower their foolish noses a little. 'He is a pedant and a dull pedant,' Swinburne once said to me of one of these futile noses; but it is not dullness or pedantry or even discreet insignificance that will obscure for posterity the voice of the true singer: —

Birds shall wake with thee, voiced and feathered fairer
To see in summer what I see in spring;
I have eyes and heart to endure thee, O thunder-bearer,
And they shall be who shall have tongues to sing.

I have love at least, and have not fear, and part not
From thine unnavigable and wingless way;
Thou tarriest, and I have not said thou art not,
Nor all thy night long have denied thy day.

Darkness to daylight shall lift up thy pæan,
Hill to hill thunder, vale cry back to vale,
With wind-notes as of eagles Æschylean
And Sappho singing in the nightingale.

If anyone wishes to discover 'Goddes grace' in English verse, let him read the whole of that prophetic poem and take its full meaning to his heart and intellect. The heights and the depths are in it, and the waves of the Eternal Power roll through it. When many hundreds of years are gone the voice that sang that 'Mater Triumphalis' will be singing still, and his own proud boast will be fulfilled through all the centuries of song to come: —

I shall burn up before thee, pass and perish,
As haze in sunrise on the red sea-line;
But thou from dawn to sunsetting shalt cherish
The thoughts that led and souls that lighted mine.

My song is in the mist that hides thy morning,
My cry is up before the day for thee;
I have heard thee, and beheld thee, and give warning,
Before thy wheels divide the sky and sea.

A FAREWELL

BY RICHARD CHURCH

[*Spectator*]

Say nothing. There is no need.
I saw your finger flick the ash;
I watched your furtive little deed —
The flung medallion; I heard it splash
Daintily, featherlike, in the water.
A keepsake? Do I seem broken-hearted?
My dear, I 'm but a poet, a reporter.
My heart makes copy. Ink has started!

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A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED[1]

BY G. A. PORTERFIELD

THE Colonel looked round the table triumphantly, his cigar arrested halfway to the light his butler offered him. 'The day my daughter's married,' he announced, 'she gets the finest house she can find in the United Kingdom to live in, all her plate and linen, and twenty thousand pounds a year in the bargain — I guess *that's* pretty hard to beat, is n't it, hey? But mind you, I can't be driven and I won't be coaxed.' He added his latter item of intelligence with the greatest possible gusto, and by way of pointing the moral made a pass at young Captain Dampierre which possessed the combined playful emphasis of a shove and a slap; then, chuckling gayly to himself, lit his cigar. The butler moved on round the table in the wake of an enormous silver box of those cigars — unctuous, unassailably correct, and bland.

Colonel Bellamy lived at Chingling Royal with his daughter, Edna, the unassailably correct butler his sagacity told him the place demanded, several footmen, a housekeeper he had acquired with the house, and a whole regiment of chauffeurs, maids, grooms, gardeners, and underkeepers. He was an active, well-preserved man of something more than middle age, slightly bow-legged, gray, and fond of good cigars, port, and practical jokes. He was fond of his daughter too, and convinced of the fact that she would make a brilliant match, marrying not merely well, but wisely, which, with the Colonel, meant exactly as he wished, for he was inordinately vain and cocksure of the wisdom of things he set any store by. Always friendly of demeanor, he had at times a positively rumpled, jovial look, — as, for example, after dinner, when he was given to smacking his knees a good deal and laughing uproariously at all his own stories, — a look which hid his obstinate tenacity of purpose and made the liveliest impression of sprightliness and genial hospitality. The truth was, however, the Colonel really lacked a sense of humor. His nudges, his gay innuendoes, his continual chuckles of amusement, were pretenses chiefly of a carefully considered order. They got him safely through the longest evening; they concealed his secret dread of being laughed at; they kept him from committing glaring acts of public silliness such as standing for Parliament, or aspiring to the honor of knighthood — traps into which his inordinate vanity might otherwise easily have led him.

'All her plate and linen, sir, and a handsome income in the bargain,' repeated Colonel Bellamy; 'many a royal princess can't say as much, sir — if I do say it myself.' He poured out another glass of port with great complacency.

The Colonel finished his glass of port in a gulp and got up briskly out of his chair, smacking his lips. There was a frightful scraping of chair-legs as everybody else got up. 'And now,' the Colonel added, 'shall we join the ladies?'

He led them jauntily across the great hall to the drawing-room, where

[1] From the *Criterion* (London literary quarterly), *January*

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Blodgett, his unassailably correct butler, was serving coffee. The rector's wife was playing a song of Mendelssohn's at the piano; the others were chatting round the lofty and emblazoned fireplace. Upon this group the Colonel advanced, decision in his face. 'What about a little bridge, hey?' he asked, jingling the keys and loose coins in his trouser pockets. Lord Dunquerque, Alice Devas, and Lady Partington finally sat down to play bridge with the Colonel, Alice Devas cutting him as her partner. Edna slipped quietly out of the room. Blodgett hovered on the outskirts of his master's inattention, as well indeed he might. It was: 'Blodgett! move that little table over here with the tray, the cigarettes and things,' or 'What? Hearts? Oh, I see! You pass. That's quite a different kettle of fish, is n't it, Lady Partington? I'll double *that*.' And then the next moment, groping through his pockets — 'Now, *where* on earth — Blodgett! just run upstairs and see if I left my glasses on my dressing-table, please.'

Captain Dampierre, who had been reading rather ostentatiously in a book at the other side of the fireplace, slipped quietly out of the room. He smiled grimly, pulled down his waistcoat, and strolled into the library, where Edna was waiting for him at a window, staring pensively into the night. Captain Dampierre was a slim, muscular, well-made, rather good-looking young man, with a fair, close-cropped, soldierly moustache, and clear blue eyes. He was in the Thirty-first (the Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay's Own Royal Rutlandshire) Lancers — in fact, he was Captain Dampierre, D.S.O., M.C., and he had 'done' things in the war. He was distantly quite well connected; he belonged to good clubs and a good set in town; still, as he was only the son of a country clergyman, he had nothing to live on but his pay and the small allowance his father was able to give him.

He stood a moment in the doorway, smiling; then he coughed.

Edna turned. 'Well?' she asked, her eyebrows raised inquiringly.

'Not very. Your father was up to scratch to-night, and better, when you'd left. I feel dizzy still.'

'Poor father!'

She smiled enigmatically, and looked again out into the delicate, calm autumn night. The windows were open; a faint cidery smell of apples and turned earth invaded the room; the night wind stirred the curtains softly and was gone, as illusively as a ghost. Not a sound came up from the darkness; it was very still; and over a dim crest of trees beyond the terrace a constellation of bright stars twinkled faintly in the quiet sky. Edna responded sensitively to the hushed loveliness of that autumn evening with its subdued values, its haunted silences and crisp, cool scents. She was a tall, dark, slender girl of twenty-four or -five, with close-cut dark hair and pale cheeks and thoughtful dark eyes. Most women would have called her beautiful.

Faced with the problem of bringing up his daughter on the death of his wife, the Colonel solved the problem chiefly by ignoring it. He gave her a large but by no means extravagant allowance, and let her do as she liked, confident that no harm could befall her, principally because she was his daughter. While he was accustomed to seeing her at meals and frequently during the evening, and now and then they went up to London together, actually Edna was more than ever a stranger to her father — a competent, slender, rather charming young woman who liked riding to hounds, music, and a number of other quite incongruous things.

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Later on that evening, before she went to bed, Edna found her father in his study exchanging stories with Lord Dunquerque and Mr. Masterton.

'Well, my lass, where have *you* been all evening?' he asked, a tumbler of golden whiskey-and-soda in one hand and a cigar in the other.

'Out on the terrace with Captain Dampierre, father.'

'Ho!' ejaculated the Colonel.

When the others finally left, his daughter said to him: —

'Father, Captain Dampierre wants to see you to-morrow morning before he goes.'

'Oh, he does, does he?' said the Colonel. 'And what, pray, does he want to see me about?'

'I suppose he'll tell you that himself,' answered Edna serenely, without the slightest sign of self-consciousness.

The Colonel looked at her narrowly. A monstrous suspicion crept into his mind as to what exactly the Captain wanted to say in the morning, but his daughter's demeanor was so composed and natural he dismissed it as impossible; besides, she knew his ideas in the matter.

'I dare say he can see you in the library at half-past ten,' said Edna presently, turning to regard him from the door; 'he leaves, you know, on the 11.25.'

'He can if I'm there,' replied the Colonel.

'Yes; but *will* you be there?'

The Colonel's answer was characteristic.

'Maybe I will, maybe I won't,' he said. And that was all that passed between the two on this subject.

The following morning, however, the Colonel was sitting in the library at ten-thirty, having come to the conclusion overnight that the Captain wanted to borrow some money, and having also come to the satisfying decision to refuse to lend him any. Consequently, when he heard a tap at the door, he said 'Come in!' with enormous gusto and took off his glasses, which gave him a severe, rather magisterial look. Bright autumn sunshine filled the room, its glamor reflected on the gilded backs of books the Colonel never bothered to take down from the shelves; open at his elbow was a large silver box of those excellent cigars of his. He had further decided to temper his refusal by offering the Captain one.

Captain Dampierre entered the library with admirable self-possession. He said 'Good morning, sir,' in a perfectly natural, easy tone of voice, took a chair he was not offered, and produced a long thin silver cigarette-case, which he shoved across the library table. These manœuvres immediately destroyed any advantages the Colonel had sought to establish, but he did not let that fact appear upon his face, and shook his head as he reached for a cigar.

'I'll smoke one of these, thanks,' he said, and glanced at him with lifted brows.

The Captain — when he had lighted his cigarette and given the Colonel a light — proceeded to state that he wanted to marry his host's peerless daughter and to ask whether, in principle at any rate, the Colonel had any objection. He gave his age, which was thirty-one, his prospects, and his position in general. The Colonel, who was perceptibly less jovial, said, as calmly as he could: —

'Outside of your allowance you say your father gives you, you have nothing but your pay as a captain?'

Captain Dampierre admitted that was so.

The Colonel appeared to reflect.

'You have only your pay and that small allowance your father gives you. Well, my dear boy, my daughter spends

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more on hats alone in the course of a year than your father allows you altogether.'

Captain Dampierre remarked with a smile that he supposed she did.

'Well, then,' the Colonel said triumphantly, 'how can you hope to fix up that side of the question — quite apart, of course, from any slight objections *I* might entertain?'

'We thought you would be willing to make the usual settlements, sir,' said Captain Dampierre coolly.

The Colonel brought the interview to a hasty close by pointing out that he could not be bullied and would n't be wheedled into any hasty decisions, that he was considerably surprised, and so on, clutching desperately at his rapidly vanishing toleration and blitheness. He got up out of his chair, quite unable to think of anything else to say, and followed his visitor toward the door, where, rather belatedly, the fact occurred to him that he should have rung for Blodgett to show the Captain out to the Rolls-Royce which was probably waiting to take him off to the station and the 11.25. As it was, however, he merely shouted 'Blodgett!' as loudly as possible, shook hands with Captain Dampierre, and went back to the library to reflect upon the perversity of women. Captain Dampierre, meanwhile, was ushered out with due ceremony to the magnificent Rolls-Royce waiting at the door.

'No luck,' he reported briefly to Edna, who was sitting in the car, very slim and practical in a delightful riding-habit — she had been out cubbing with the Coldbury that morning; 'your father's adamant.'

Blodgett tucked the rug solicitously round his knees.

'The station, Hunt,' said Edna.

The footman touched his cap and closed the door.

'What exactly did he say?' she asked, as Hunt climbed up beside the chauffeur.

'Nothing, exactly,' Captain Dampierre replied.

Edna smiled. 'He never does, poor dear!' she remarked. The magnificent motor-car shot out smoothly into the middle of the faultless gravel-drive and startled the peacocks trailing their splendors in the dewy sunshine. A cock pheasant rose from a copse they passed, his plumage shining as he skimmed upward a little way and dived into some distant plantation. Edna watched it, frowning faintly, her cheek resting against a gloved hand.

'Then what did he say among other things — *inexactly?*' she asked presently.

Captain Dampierre gave a brief synopsis of the conversation.

Another interval of introspection intervened.

'Stiffish kind of country, yours, too,' remarked the Captain finally, again regarding the hedges through the window.

Nothing came of it, however, so he whistled a bar or two of the latest popular song to himself, and disposed of his cigarette. Then he too lapsed into silence.

'I say!' said Edna suddenly, 'I've got it!'

The Captain started. '*Got* it?' he repeated.

'Yes — I mean I've got a plan.'

The Captain gradually returned to earth.

'Oh, a plan,' he murmured.

'About father,' explained Edna. 'Are you sure it was the settlement father objected to?'

Captain Dampierre hesitated. 'Well, it was just about at that point in the conversation that he blew out a fuse,' he replied; 'but I don't think that was the reason, really. He did n't say so, anyway.'

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'Never mind, it's near enough,' said Edna with immense decision.

'Near enough what?' demanded the Captain. 'I may be dashed slow, still —'

'I'll let you know about it later.'

'Meaning?'

His only answer was the pressure on his arm, an affectionate, calm, reassuring smile, and the motor turned in at the up-side platform of Tranlingham Junction, which, as everybody knows of course, is the station for Chingling — and there the matter rested, for the time being, at any rate.

A few days later — the wind was in the east, and the warm, sunny weather had vanished with the completeness of magic — the Colonel announced that he was feeling very far from well. That confounded east wind, for instance — you simply could not keep it out. It seeped through the thickest clothing, it laughed at walls and windows. That view of blue country from the terrace was shrouded in a driving mist — a depressing prospect. Now, at Naples —

As a matter of fact, he was in the best of spirits.

For one thing, Edna seemed to have forgotten the Captain completely, if indeed she had ever been at all aware of that young man's impertinent proposal. The Colonel had watched her attentively for the first day or so after his departure, but her calm, benevolent, natural manner impressed his great sagacity profoundly — there was nothing up there. Then, by a happy piece of strategy, the Colonel had persuaded Lord Dunquerque to stay over for another week's shooting, the shooting at Chingling Royal being among the best in England, and Lord Dunquerque, who was a first-class shot, would have stayed on anywhere for such chances as the Chingling coverts provided. Edna saw a good deal of Lord Dunquerque in one way and another; they were always together. Day after day she went out to meet the guns, lunched with them, followed them in the afternoon; at night she and Lord Dunquerque danced to a victrola operated by an obsequious footman. 'Hang it! a pretty girl can't help turning men's heads,' reflected the Colonel with that large philosophy of his — that, probably, accounted for the Captain's slight obsession the morning he left.

And that was it — the reason for his high spirits lately. Earlier that afternoon, when the others were out shooting, or watching the shooting, the Colonel had received a visit from a Mr. Melcombe. He was the senior partner of the well-known, long-established Eastchester firm of estate agents and auctioneers — Messrs. Melcombe, Melcombe, Snodgrass and Melcombe. Mr. Melcombe followed his card — which the Colonel had examined with unconcealed wonderment — into the library at Chingling Royal before the Colonel had recovered quite from his surprise. He had called, he said, concerning Miss Edna Bellamy's inquiries about High Cheddington — the old, historic, red-brick Tudor home of the Poole family, now on the market. The Colonel's wonderment increased in leaps and bounds. He managed to say 'Ho!' in a fairly jovial tone of voice, but he was secretly and enormously puzzled. Miss Bellamy, it appeared, had called at the offices of Messrs. Melcombe, Melcombe, Snodgrass and Melcombe and asked to be shown over that renowned property.

'When — when was *that?*' demanded the astounded Colonel, helplessly.

Mr. Melcombe replied, the previous Tuesday.

'Why, *that* was the afternoon she drove into Eastchester with Lord Dunquerque!' exclaimed the Colonel involuntarily.

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'His lordship,' said Mr. Melcombe, 'accompanied Miss Bellamy.'

A great light dawned on the Colonel. 'Go — go on,' he said, sitting up in his chair. Mr. Melcombe went on. Miss Bellamy and his lordship had inspected High Cheddington that same afternoon. They looked over the gardens, visited the offices, inspected the drains, sounded the paneling, made a lengthy tour of all the rooms on the first and second stories, admired the view, — in short, they had mutually shown the utmost interest in every detail, — and at the conclusion Miss Bellamy had given Mr. Melcombe to understand she was actively thinking of buying. She had, of course, referred him to her father, — Mr. Melcombe made a little bow in the Colonel's direction as he mentioned this item, which the Colonel returned as best he could; he was still very astounded and helpless, — and since he happened to be out Chingling way, and the matter of the purchase of so large and renowned a property was a matter of a good deal of importance, Mr. Melcombe naturally took the liberty of calling, — no doubt the Colonel quite understood; another bow on each side, — merely as a formality, still, a usual one, and so on.

The Colonel replied that he understood perfectly. Perhaps Mr. Melcombe would have a drop of something.

Mr. Melcome said he'd be delighted.

The Colonel rang for Blodgett.

And so these two hobnobbed together over a glass of port and the Colonel's best cigars. The thing was, the Colonel's inordinate pride and vanity prevented him from disclaiming any knowledge of his daughter's interest in High Cheddington; his great sagacity informed him that she had come to her senses, that Lord Dunquerque's interest clearly could be accounted for by the fact that he himself proposed living at High Cheddington. That young nobleman came from a poor if illustrious house. Dormer, the Dunquerque mansion in the north of England, had long since been sold with its Old Masters, its shooting, its splendid stables.

The Colonel set great store by his sagacity. He took Lord Dunquerque's interest and his daughter's decision to purchase a large historic country seat with his means simply for granted. His pride, his vanity, prevented him from asking any questions. He did say that evening, after dinner, in his casual, cheerful way, 'So you're thinking of leaving me, miss, eh?' And Edna smiled enigmatically and said, 'Yes, father.' The Colonel's misgivings — they had been of the slightest, anyhow — were set immediately at rest. He ordered Blodgett to bring up the finest wines in the cellar, he was prodigal with his port, he pressed his most magnificent cigars on everybody, even Lady Partington. He had a footman drag the victrola out into the hall, the rugs taken up, and they all danced; he had people over from Belton Hall and the Castle and Maythorpe Lodge; Chingling Royal blazed with lights.

It stood to reason that the news crept speedily into the current gossip of the day. Mr. Melcombe was instructed to communicate at once with the Colonel's solicitors; the Colonel's solicitors were instructed to communicate with Messrs. Melcombe, Melcombe, Snodgrass and Melcombe; and presently a photograph of High Cheddington mysteriously appeared in one of the leading illustrated weeklies, with the caption, 'A Father's Princely Gift.' Underneath there was a discreet reference to the approaching marriage of Miss Edna Bellamy, 'whose engagement, we understand, is shortly to be announced,' and so forth. Other photographs appeared in other papers; it was an open secret.

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Several weeks slipped by; and in the middle of November Lord Dunquerque came down to Chingling for the week-end and another 'go' at Colonel Bellamy's unrivaled coverts. The house was full, in honor — people thought — of those approaching nuptials, though nothing definite had been announced as yet, rumor notwithstanding.

Lord Dunquerque faced the future — it was observed — with singular modesty. His impending good fortune had not turned his head. Far from it; indeed, his demeanor was touched with a becoming wistfulness and melancholy. Privately, Lord Dunquerque thought his host was slowly but assuredly going insane. Those witless hints of his! And those innumerable nudges in the ribs! Still, he was too well-bred to remark on these increasingly curious eccentricities of the Colonel's; he suffered in silence. The Colonel's society, however, drove him more and more into the society of the Colonel's daughter, and the more he saw of Edna the more bafflingly paternal the Colonel's attitude became.

'You know,' he confided to her once, when they had escaped after a particularly tedious evening — 'you know, I simply can't make your father out — no, I'm dashed if I can!'

Edna smiled gravely. 'No?'

'Absolutely not!' Lord Dunquerque said feelingly.

'Why?'

'Anyone might think, to see him, or rather, to *hear* him,' Lord Dunquerque went on, 'he was — well —' he wanted to say 'quite off his rocker,' but he felt that was a little strong, considering — 'I mean to say,' he said, 'that he was — well, what I mean is, that he thought —'

'Yes — that he thought?' prompted Edna patiently.

Lord Dunquerque winced. 'Well, that we were *engaged*,' he brought out finally, 'or some rot of that sort.'

'Oh, how preposterous!' murmured Edna, sliding one slim arm through his. 'I'm sure —' She broke off abruptly. 'How bright the stars are.'

'Yes, rather.' He hesitated a moment. 'You were going to say —?' he suggested.

'Nothing, nothing,' she replied.

'Er — something about you were sure,' Lord Dunquerque persisted.

'Let me see, what *did* I say? Oh, yes! about the stars.'

'I mean, just before that.'

'Just before that?'

'Yes.'

'Well, just before that you were saying how ridiculous it was supposing we were engaged, what?'

'Oh, I say! — I did n't say *that!*'

'You said something very like it.'

Lord Dunquerque coughed nervously.

'Well, I — I did n't *mean* it,' he remarked doubtfully. It was not at all what he intended saying, only now that it was said it seemed the most natural thing in the world. 'Er — rather not!'

'Rather rot?'

'No, no — I said rather *not*.'

'Not what?' asked Edna carelessly.

'Not rot — I mean to say, rather not, if you get what I mean —'

'Well,' she answered candidly, 'to be perfectly frank, I'm afraid I don't.'

Lord Dunquerque cleared his throat determinedly. 'I mean, you know, it's not at all rot supposin' we're engaged — at least,' he said pensively, 'it is n't so far as I'm concerned.'

'Dear me, that sounds a little involved,' she said, pressing his arm.

They had reached the end of the terrace, and stood a moment looking into the darkness haunted by the shadowy ghosts of trees. It was almost breathlessly still; you could hear the tinkle of a sheep bell faintly now and then, now and then a whisper of wind. But that was all, that and the gusts of

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laughter which came out with a blast of the victrola's syncopated ragtime. The stillness was tremendous.

'*Too* involved,' she added softly.

She freed her arm gently, and stood a little in advance of Lord Dunquerque, her hands resting on the stone balustrade, staring out into the night — slender, mysterious, lovely. How well she sat a horse! How good a shot she was! There was no moon, but Lord Dunquerque could see her head delicately dark against a background of stars. The distinguished perfume she used invaded his senses like a spell.

'I say,' he said at last, 'I say, I mean I'd — I mean I think you're wonderful, what?'

There was a pause.

'That if you did n't think it rot, you know —'

'Well?'

'Well, we'd tell your father he was jolly well right, and so on.'

Ten minutes later, more or less, Lord Dunquerque was seen entering the hall alone, extremely pale and rather agitated. He vanished in the direction of the smoking-room, where he was further observed consuming two good stiff whiskey-and-sodas. Mr. Masterton hurriedly finished his drink and made for the door. 'Coming, old chap?' he asked over one shoulder. 'Presently, presently,' replied Lord Dunquerque in a voice which caused Mr. Masterton to give him a sharp, penetrating look and then disappear without any more to-do.

The Colonel was in the liveliest spirits. Was n't his daughter about to become a marchioness? So, with his cigar at a jaunty angle, he was operating the victrola himself, — when not actually dancing, — assisted by one of the footmen, and thinking about the gay parties he would be able to give once he got his peerless daughter off his hands. His liveliness was infectious; everybody was laughing and enjoying the Colonel's sprightly hospitality to the utmost — everybody, that is, except Lord Dunquerque. That nobleman reëntered the hall much in the manner of a man mounting the scaffold, and made for the Colonel, who beamed at him over his cigar. 'Well, well,' he said with a delighted chuckle, 'what of the night?' and made mental note to hurry on the wedding — Dunquerque looked ill; it would n't do to let him slip through their fingers now — no.

Lord Dunquerque muttered something about a telegram which was very important and something about a train which it would be necessary to catch, guiltily avoiding his host's eye.

'Eh, what's that?' demanded the Colonel — that guilty look, now, what on earth did *that* mean?

'You see, it's dashed important — er — unavoidable,' said Lord Dunquerque. 'I mean to say, I'm frightfully sorry and so on, but —'

'But *what?*' interrupted the Colonel testily.

Lord Dunquerque recapitulated his earlier statement about trains and telegrams.

'Telegrams? Telegram? *What* telegram? And what on earth's all this about trains?'

'Called away — sudden, important,' explained Lord Dunquerque.

'Oh, I see! Well, that's too bad. Still,' — the Colonel took Lord Dunquerque's arm, — 'still,' he said, 'why not announce it now, before you go?'

The old obsession; Lord Dunquerque looked nervously for some escape. He was quite convinced that his host had taken a sudden turn for the worse, and he strove gingerly to release his arm, when he remembered that lunatics should be humored at all costs. The one clear, persistent impression in the Colonel's mind, on the other hand, was

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that Lord Dunquerque had been drinking that evening, and he firmly, tactfully, resisted all attempts on the part of his noble guest to free himself. 'Steady!' he said — after all, those infernal parquet floors *were* slippery — 'steady!' They circled slowly round the victrola into the corner.

'It's bound to leak out sooner or later,' said the Colonel.

'Yes, but —'

'*Far* better this way — far better.'

'Better, *better?*' repeated Lord Dunquerque helplessly. 'I mean to say, I have n't the foggiest idea *what* you're driving at!' He regarded the Colonel with a baffled air of apprehensive wonderment.

A sinister suspicion entered the Colonel's mind. Was there — *could* there be any mistake? He hurriedly considered things, and came to the conclusion that there could be none.

'Oh, come, come!' he said leniently.

'I have n't, honor bright — not the foggiest, what?'

'No?'

'Absolutely not,' Lord Dunquerque said, with obvious earnestness.

That sinister suspicion returned insistently. The Colonel mopped his forehead; he felt very far from well; he remembered those photographs in the illustrated weeklies, instructions to solicitors, the gossip. And, while Lord Dunquerque undeniably smelt of spirits, his speech was not that of an intoxicated man, no! Suspicion became a hideous certainty, then faded into a suspicion again. The Colonel crushed it ruthlessly. His great sagacity told him it was ridiculous; his jovial, bluff demeanor reasserted itself.

'Nonsense!' he cried, nudging Lord Dunquerque slyly in the ribs.

'No, no — not the foggiest!' said Lord Dunquerque.

'I mean about —' The Colonel broke off, staring at his noble guest in vast uneasiness. Suppose — suppose he was wrong, how people *would* laugh, how supremely silly he would look! Cold shivers played hide and seek at the base of his spine. That sinister suspicion of his became a certainty.

The thing was, how to get out of the mess?

The Colonel cudgeled his brains desperately. People had already noticed them whispering in the corner. What he wanted, what he needed now, was a good stiff whiskey-and-soda. Ah! *that* was it. He clutched Lord Dunquerque's arm again much as a drowning man might seize a spar, hopefully, grimly cheerful and determined. A hundred things occurred to him immediately, little things — he saw it all clearly. His great sagacity had finally betrayed him. He'd taken too much for granted. But his vanity, his obstinate pride, his dread of being made ridiculous, prevented him from admitting, even tacitly, that he had been mistaken. There was the Captain — he could always send for the Captain. He turned to Lord Dunquerque with all the sprightliness that he could muster and a playful gesture of his cigar.

'Why not,' he said, digging Lord Dunquerque in the ribs for the last time — 'why not,' he continued with mock solemnity, 'announce here and now that you and I, Dunquerque, are going to have another drink? It's bound to leak out,' he added, as a pang of recollection reminded him how narrowly he had missed making a bigger idiot of himself than he actually had.

The relief in Lord Dunquerque's face was enormous.

'Why not, by Jove!' he exclaimed, remarking directly that he needed another little drink, though he did not see fit to enlighten his host exactly why.

'*Do* you?' said the Colonel; 'so do I!'

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And there the matter rested, for the time being anyway. Lord Dunquerque departed by an early train the next morning, the others later in the day. It was generally understood that the Colonel was now seriously ill. Nobody saw him; he remained in his room, reflecting, as a matter of fact, on the perversity of men and women. His state of health was not visibly improved either by the arrival of the daily newspapers. In each there was a paragraph or so about Colonel Bellamy's princely gift to his daughter, whose marriage, it was said, was shortly to be announced to a well-known man about town, and so on.

A little after luncheon Edna looked in to see her father. The east wind was driving the rain in feathery squalls against the windowpanes and moaning in the chimney. 'Well, miss?' he said, — his pride, that obstinate vanity of his, kept him from saying anything more, — 'well, miss?'

Edna smiled affectionately.

'Is there anything I can do, father, to make you more comfortable?'

The Colonel grunted.

'Yes,' he said. 'Get *married*. Where's that man of yours?'

'Captain Dampierre?'

'Yes, of course,' replied the Colonel, rather irritably.

Edna strolled to the foot of the great four-poster bed in which her father was propped up on many pillows, smoking one of those unrivaled cigars of his. 'I *thought* of asking him down for the week-end,' she suggested tentatively — 'that is, if you had nothing planned this week.'

'Telegraph!' said the Colonel, but he avoided her gaze.

Then he groaned. 'Neuritis, you know,' he explained. 'This confounded east wind is *killing* me.'

'Oh, father!'

'Telegraph him,' commanded the Colonel insistently. 'I can't be bullied and I won't be coaxed, but I simply can't stand this climate; so if you want to have your father at your wedding, miss, you'll have to be married as quickly as possible.'

They were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, the following month. The Colonel gave his daughter away and left for the Mediterranean in his big sea-going steam yacht immediately afterward. It was generally understood that he was seriously ill. His daughter, however, takes those gloomy reports from the Riviera very lightly. She can do nothing, she says — her father can't be bullied and he won't be coaxed.

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SANDHAS THE PAINTER[1]

BY FRITZ DROOP

[*Sandhas the Painter* is a poetic play of German village life which offers a good example of the recent tendency toward symbolism among German dramatists. The ideas implicit in the play disengage themselves only from the work as a whole, never specifically from any line or any character. It tells the story of Sandhas, the artist, whose birth is covered by a cloud, of the picture that he painted, and why the village did not understand it, of his love, and how at length he learned the secret of his birth.

The play was first presented at the Stadttheater in Dortmund last fall, under the direction of Karl Schafer, with *mise en scène* by Dr. Thur Himmighofen and stage pictures by Hans Wildermann. The title rôle was played by Herbert Kollner. The first act finds the village dignitaries in consultation with the painter in the village inn.]

THE ALDERMAN. Master —

SANDHAS. Not 'master,' please.

THE ALDERMAN. No?

SANDHAS. No, not master. Just a painter.

THE ALDERMAN (*aside*). Good, the picture will come cheaper, then. (*To* SANDHAS) Well, master or not, you have a chance to rise in the world. The worshipful Council has determined that you shall paint a sacred picture for the Rathaus.

SANDHAS (*his eyes wide open*). A sacred picture? What do you mean by that?

THE ALDERMAN. Perhaps a picture of Samson —

SANDHAS. Of Samson and Delilah? Not so bad.

THE ALDERMAN (*somewhat taken aback*). I 'm not sure that would do. (*He has a sudden illumination.*) Why not try David in the Lion's Den?

SANDHAS. I'll think it over, tell you my decision, and if my lords the Council do not like it they may say as much. And now, when shall my picture be —

THE ALDERMAN. The picture must be hung in fourteen days. We'll make a ceremony of it. (*The dignitaries depart, leaving the painter looking through his sketches. The* SEXTON *wakes up and peers over his shoulder. Suddenly he gives a cry and snatches at one of the pictures.*)

THE SEXTON. Good heavens! Why, it's Marie, your mother!

SANDHAS (*leaping up and seizing the* SEXTON *by both shoulders*). What's that you say?

THE SEXTON. Nothing, except what everybody knows. You painted it?

SANDHAS. I copied from a miniature the Priest once gave me. He never said it was my mother. Why had the Priest the picture?

THE SEXTON. She worked seven years for him, you know.

SANDHAS (*amazed and speaking slowly*). Worked seven years for the priest, and then —

THE SEXTON (*hesitating*). Then — well, then she went away. You were a bouncing young chap then (*he shows the height with his hand*); you could even walk a little. (*The* SEXTON *goes, leaving his hint behind him, while the painter sits*

[1] By special arrangement with the author and the Dortmund Stadttheater

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moodily pondering. While he sits there, HANNA, *the innkeeper's daughter, steals in timidly.*)

HANNA. Listen — do you hear that young bird over there, how he cries?

SANDHAS. He is fallen from his nest, and knows not where he is — like me.

HANNA. Like you? Have you no home?

SANDHAS. A home? Who has a home? We travel back and forth across the world, we wander round about the earth in quest of fortune, and find — if we are fortunate — ourselves at last. We search the realm of knowledge through, and at the end we learn that earth is deepest there where we are laid to bed for our last rest. The earth is deepest there, and Heaven nearest. The child looks up for Heaven and does not find it, but when we are grown old it lies upon our shoulders and we bend to bear its weight. (*They both sit staring moodily into space.*)

[The second act passes in the Rathaus, where the village has assembled for a first glimpse of the painter's work.]

BURGOMASTER. Let us unveil the picture. (*He nods to a workman, who climbs on a chair and pulls the cloth aside. Everybody cranes his neck. The* FIDDLER *springs up and heartily embraces the painter.*)

PRIEST (*to the* BURGOMASTER). You must say a few words to the painter.

BURGOMASTER. Quiet, please. I have a few words to say. (*Everyone sits down again.*) Your picture is admirably conceived, Herr Sandhas, and in the name of the High Council and our city I thank you for it. We shall all guard your sacred picture. Whoever harms it shall be severely punished, so that we may hand it down to our children's children, to take example from it, even in the seventh or eighth generation — so saith the Lord. Is n't it so, Master Priest?

THE PRIEST. No doubt, no doubt.

THE FIDDLER. Master Priest, will you not explain the picture to us?

THE PRIEST. It is called The Flight into Egypt. The story is well known. What more is there to say? God ordained the flight, so that His law might be fulfilled. Man does not know good from evil; therefore he has been given the law and the Church. The law must be fulfilled, even though it costs our lives.

THE FIDDLER. Do not be wroth if I think otherwise. Perhaps life is more precious than the law. Perhaps the law within me is more divine than the outward covering it wears. He who knows he is his own judge feels himself a judge indeed; but the responsibility of the man who knows the burden is divided among many shoulders is all the lighter for that knowledge. Who stands by himself stands alone, his own judge and his own executioner as well — and that is hard indeed.

THE BURGOMASTER (*suddenly pulling himself together*). What does the Council say to this? (*A short, embarrassed pause follows.*)

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD. Nothing, because it has nothing to say. (*The people laugh.*)

THE HOST. A word! Give me a word! I have discovered something!

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD. Columbus comes! (*Everyone laughs.*)

THE HOST (*to the Aldermen*). Look at the face of Joseph in that picture there! Does n't it look like Sandhas's very self? (*There is a general stretching of necks and gazing alternately from the picture to* SANDHAS *and back again.*)

AN ALDERMAN. Mine host is right: the painted Joseph is the painter Sandhas. (*General excitement.*)

THE BURGOMASTER (*who has been looking at the picture*). Look just a little closer and you will see somebody else there in the picture, mine host.

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THE HOST. What? What? My Hanna?

A VOICE. The angel in the picture! Ain't you proud?

THE HOST. I'll smash the thing to bits! (*He dashes forward, but is restrained by the* SMITH.)

THE SMITH. Gently, gently, now! You 've heard the Burgomaster say whoever hurts the picture shall be punished into the ninth and tenth generation!

THE BURGOMASTER. But I withdraw my words and appeal to the worshipful Council. What shall be done?

AN ALDERMAN. I want to ask the master whether he did this with intent, or whether the likeness is mere chance.

SANDHAS. There is nothing accidental here.

THE HOST. Aha!

SANDHAS. I shaped my soul and all its longings as I could.

THE HOST (*greatly excited*). Why is my child in this disgraceful picture?

SANDHAS. It would be a devilish bad painter who made a picture of an angel except as he had seen one (*a movement of protest from the* PRIEST) — just as in truth it would be a bad priest who preached of God except as he had known Him.

THE PRIEST. Leave religion out of it. You are raging against God.

SANDHAS. I? Against God? It's only that I do not fear your idols.

THE SECRETARY. By God, if I were asked, I would tell any man the picture of the angel is beautiful — much too beautiful.

SANDHAS. Nothing can be too beautiful where our souls are in question. Beauty is all we need. Beauty can give us all that we can ask her. I painted and repainted at my angel, and could make nothing of my picture till the day when I looked in her eyes. Then it was done. (*As if suddenly illuminated*) Now happiness makes household in my breast, and none can take it from me. This happiness is my own truth and my belief. You may insult me, you may insult my picture — you cannot shut my truth within its grave. It lives, whether you will or no.

AN ALDERMAN (*after an embarrassed pause*). I'd like to ask one question of the painter. (*The* BURGOMASTER *nods consent.*) Why not choose some person of authority? I would myself have been your model.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD. There *is* some likeness to the ass. (*General laughter.*)

THE ALDERMAN. Is n't it best, Master Burgomaster, to close the sitting?

THE BURGOMASTER. But what shall we do with the picture? (*A tumult is heard outside.*)

A VOICE. Pitch it into the street! (*The voices come nearer.* HANNA, *pursued by the* BLACKSMITH'S WIFE, *bursts into the room, with a couple of women and children rushing after them.*)

HANNA (*seeking* SANDHAS *with her glance, and running to his arms as if for shelter*). They cry after me that I'm no honest girl, because you did my picture! What have I done that they could think thus of me?

SANDHAS. You have made one mistake. You've been better than they are — but let them talk. Each lie shall some day stand in pillory.

THE HOST (*forcing* HANNA *out of the painter's arms*). Is that your place?

HANNA (*tearing herself from her father's grasp*). Yes, here!

THE SMITH'S WIFE (*triumphantly*). There! See your virtuous daughter with her saintly gallant!

SANDHAS (*to* HANNA). Do not heed them. They only make our love grow stronger with their insults.

THE SMITH'S WIFE. Go ask the Priest, if you won't credit me.

THE FIDDLER. Who gives the Priest the right to stand as guardian at the

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threshold of eternity and fill the life to come with fire and terror? What right has a poor sinful man to stand with self-complacence in the pulpit, haughtily mouthing human words as if divine?

A Voice. Pitch him out! Pitch out the painter too, and throw this scandalous picture after him! Let him earn his bread somewhere else, if he wants to mock at holy things. There's no place for him here!

Another Voice. Tear down the picture! Rip it in two! Out the window with it!

Sandhas (*forcing his way through the crowd in agony*). Stop! Not the picture! Break me, if you must have a victim! The picture is a holy thing! Look closer! The Virgin bearing Jesus is my mother. (*All stand as if enchanted.*) Still mother hearts are quivering for their children; still women stand beneath the cross; and still must love bind up our wounds. The world strikes deep into its wretched children. (*There is a short pause.*)

A Voice. Who knows his mother?

An Alderman. The man is lying. He wants to save himself.

Sandhas (*striding to the* Priest). Now, Priest, it's time for you to testify! Tell these blind men who was it bore these features where pain and happiness inextricably blend.

The Priest. Why ask me about this picture?

Sandhas. I ask you before God — do you know? Are you only a coward, or are you base as well? Does your cloth forbid you to be honest?

The Priest. Will you allow this man to mock me? (*A farmer's lad leaps on a chair, tears the picture from the wall, and hurls it through the window. Outside there is an outburst of loud hooting, which is slowly lost in the distance. The hall empties with laughter and tumult.*)

[In the last act we find the painter sitting alone under a heavy wooden cross outside his hut in a desolate mountain-clearing.]

Sandhas. Is this the world that God created? A world in which they tread my mother's picture underfoot is not my home. How can my father thus disown the tie of blood? I want no more of mankind and its God. (*He sits staring moodily before him, then suddenly shrinks. In the centre of the clearing appears his* Double, *or Second Self.*)

Double (*veiled in a mystic twilight, behind the painter*). What are you doing here?

Sandhas. Carving a new God for myself.

Double. What's that you say? A jest?

Sandhas. As good a God as yours, mark that!

Double. You may mistake. Each man carves out his own God of the wood from which himself is made.

Sandhas. What does that mean?

Double. You are no longer master of your Self. You struggle with your Self and tear your Self to pieces.

Sandhas. I do not understand you. Tell me, now — does she for whom I long keep troth?

Double. You may find others, but you lose yourself.

Sandhas. You speak in riddles. Who are you?

Double. Put up your work and look about you. I am your other I. I am your Self!

Sandhas (*shrinking*). Ah, God! My own face! Death stretches out his hand.

Double. I am the doubt that gnaws upon the heart
That through the ages asks for sacrifice;
I am the madness tearing every brain

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That falls away from seeking after Light.

SANDHAS. Have we not walked together arm in arm?

DOUBLE. We struggled on the way.

SANDHAS. We buried much, between us.

DOUBLE. Yes, but it rose again. Each year another Easter comes.

SANDHAS. Then let me cast my life away, as if it were a heavy stifling cloak. Let me move free and fly away.

DOUBLE. Do not forget, the past is everlasting;
And reverence each minute while it flies.
Then will the backward glances that you cast
At evening down the pathway of your life
Be like a greeting made of thankfulness. —
There is a beggar, yonder, on the path,
Moving before you into the unknown.
Perhaps his place will soon be yours. Take heed!

(*As the* DOUBLE *speaks the* PRIEST *enters, repentant and disguised in the robes of a mendicant pilgrim. His hat is drawn down upon his face so that he cannot be recognized. The* DOUBLE *suddenly vanishes.*)

PRIEST. Grüss Gott!

SANDHAS. Grüss Gott! You come at the right time.

PRIEST. At the right time? You called me?

SANDHAS. Called? No! I do not know you.

PRIEST. I am a pilgrim — seeking peace.

SANDHAS. We seek the same goal, then. Shall we go on our pilgrimage together?

PRIEST. What of your father? Will you not first see to his rest?

SANDHAS (*disturbed*). No more of him. I beg you say no more.

PRIEST. I will keep silence gladly if you wish, although I came to bring you greetings from him — his last greetings. Things are ill with him.

SANDHAS. I am quite sure that with his soul at least things are very ill.

PRIEST. Who is acquainted with another's soul? One thing I know. He asks for you, wishes to see you ere he dies. Go to him. Add to the joy of his last hours.

SANDHAS. Your speech is strange.

PRIEST. Hasten, before your father's eyes are closed forever. His glance is dim already. He clutches — clutches as if in prison darkness for a hand — he seeks for you —

SANDHAS. Did he not curse the work my hand had wrought?

PRIEST (*clutching at his heart*). Ah, God! Art Thou so harsh?

SANDHAS (*seizing and supporting him as he sinks*). Is aught amiss? You're weary from the way. A little rest, and all will pass.

PRIEST (*clasping* SANDHAS *with his left arm while he lays his right hand on the painter's heart*). Come, lay my hand a moment on your heart. You feel? It will be cold soon — death — they say a dead man's hand will heal a heart that's hurt.

SANDHAS (*crying out in alarm*). Your hand is like cold fire. Speak! Who are you?

PRIEST (*dying*). If you — if you must know — I am — (*his voice is scarcely audible*) your father.

SANDHAS (*screaming*). My father — no! Oh, God, that cannot be! Yet hear one loving word — can you not hear? (*The* DOUBLE *again becomes visible in the background.*) I did not call you! Why do you seek me, Terrible One?

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DOUBLE. You killed him.

SANDHAS. What have I done? (*He lets the body slip to earth.*)

DOUBLE. Carry him down into the valley. He wakes no more. (*The* DOUBLE *vanishes.*)

SANDHAS. What did he say? I killed him? (*He leaves the dead* PRIEST *lying there, while he staggers to the hut, and then goes slowly over to the cross, with shaking knees. As he tries to lift it, he collapses under the weight. The* SMITH *and the* SEXTON *come doubtfully upon the scene just as* HANNA'S *voice is heard on the pathway leading up the mountain-side.*)

HANNA. I'm coming!

THE SMITH. Poor child!

HANNA. (*closer*). I'm coming, don't you hear? It's I! (*She rushes in, breathless with the climb.*)

THE SEXTON. Too late!

HANNA (*glancing toward the little group, she sees the painter lying on the ground*). It is n't true. (*She hangs over her lover in an agony of doubt.*) It must n't be so! (*She pillows his head in her arms.*) Don't you hear me, Sandhas? It is I. (*She covers his face with kisses.*)

THE SMITH. He'll wake no more, so let him sleep.

HANNA. Leave me alone with him.

SEXTON (*drawing the* SMITH *into the hut with him*). If you have need of us, you'll find us waiting here.

HANNA (*stroking the pallid cheeks and laying her own upon them, she speaks in tones of intense abandon*). Only a word. Your lips are warm still. You might say something bitter? Come, I'll kiss all bitterness away. (*She cries out suddenly in ecstasy.*) Oh, God! His eyes are opening. (*Jubilant*) He is alive!

SANDHAS. You, Hanna?

HANNA (*joyfully*). Yes.

SANDHAS. Why did you stay away from me?

HANNA. They held me back by force. But you believed in me?

SANDHAS (*ashamed*). Sometimes I doubted.

HANNA. But now you're mine — forever.

SANDHAS. Sorrow cast me deep into the shadow, until a hand like sunlight drew me forth. (*He kisses her hand.*) Hark! Do you hear nothing? Children's voices, singing!

HANNA. Yes, yes; I hear it too.

(*Behind the scenes a chorus of girls' voices rings out.*)

The sunbeams are ours for wielding
When the day's at dawn,
And God's wings ours for shielding
When the night is long.
We stride the silvery starways
Untouched of fears:
Our faith can compass the far ways
Of all the years!

HANNA. How beautiful!

SANDHAS. They show the way for us.

HANNA. The way of stars.

THE SEXTON (*appearing in the door of the hut*). We come to help you. (*His glance falls on the dead* PRIEST.)

SANDHAS (*greatly moved*). Bury him, and feel no rancor. He was my father, and I bless him. Bury the false appearance — and follow Youth. Youth — and Youth only — knows the way. The way to Art, to God, and to Itself!

(*A distant echo of the maidens' song rings out across the valley as the curtains slowly close.*)

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

NEW NAPOLEANA

In the heart of Nationalist Germany, the last place in the world to expect French historical documents, a whole series of unpublished letters from and about Napoleon has suddenly come to light. Here are love letters from the young general to Josephine, then still the widow Beauharnais, a long letter to Talleyrand describing the English constitution and signed 'Bonaparte,' seventeen letters from Napoleon's conqueror, the Duke of Wellington, and various notes on sundry matters of no great import from various members of the Bonaparte family. This treasure-trove — the Emperor's admirers will regard it as nothing less — has long been jealously preserved at Sagan Castle, secluded amid Silesian forests, halfway between Breslau and Frankfurt-on-the-Oder. The castle which thus shelters within its walls part of the history of France stands in the midst of a district that regularly and with an almost religious fervor votes German Nationalist. Its archives were once the property of the Duchess of Sagan and Talleyrand — better known as the Duchess of Dino. Since her death they have been carefully classified, but they have never before been opened to the public, and the most careful search of the Bibliothèque Nationale, the largest library in the world, reveals no trace of previous publication.

The most interesting of all are Napoleon's love letters to Josephine, many of them undated, but all quite clearly written in the days of their courtship or not long after their marriage. Napoleon's French is not always impeccable, and in the first letter he drops almost unconsciously into his native Italian: Josephine is *mio dolce amor*. The future conqueror of the world writes as stiltedly as a self-conscious college-boy. 'You thought that I loved you for anything except yourself! For what? Ah! Madame, if that were true I should have greatly changed. How can a thought like that have taken form in a soul so pure?' His fervor prevented Napoleon from dating his letter, but not from affixing the hour of composition; and thus we learn that these burning sentences were penned, not at some romantic hour well past midnight, but at nine o'clock in the morning. In the next letter the lover's pen leaps from a prosaic note on personal finance to the assurance: 'Every moment that keeps me from you, *adorable amie*, leaves me less strength to endure your absence. You are the perpetual object of my thoughts. I wear my imagination out trying to fancy what you are doing. If I imagine you are sad, my heart is torn and my sadness increased. If you are gay and playful with your friends, I find fault with you for having so soon forgotten this dolorous separation of three days.'

Presently the letters to Citoyenne Beauharnais become letters to Madame Bonaparte, but there is no change in their ardor. She is still '*mon* adorable Josephine,' and Napoleon counts the hours till her arrival. He is scandalized at the goings-on of some of his officers with certain ladies who, it is dismally evident, must have been no better than they should have been, and he writes

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Josephine a shocked account of the whole lamentable affair.

These letters fell into the hands of the Duchess of Dino's mother after Josephine's death, and thus coming into the daughter's possession were deposited at Sagan Castle.

In the collection is a small handkerchief enclosed in an envelope on which is written: —

Little handkerchief (of unusually fine linen) which the Duke of Wellington took out of his pocket at a concert given by William IV for Don Pedro in 1831, and put around my neck to protect me from the cold coming from an open door behind me.

(*Signed*) DUCHESS OF DINO

P. S. It may be remarked that the Duke of Wellington, as a matter of habit, never used very big handkerchiefs.

All of this is rather trivial. None of it possesses any great historical import. And yet the Iron Duke's very small handkerchiefs and Napoleon's sighs and passions are somehow very humanly appealing, and do oddly contrive to make the past live once again —which is no bad definition of history.

✽

STAGING THE TRAGEDY OF MAYERLING

THE pitiful extent to which the mighty have fallen could find no better illustration than the daring of the Italian dramatist, G. A. Borgese, who has written a play on the tragic death of the Archduke Rudolph, heir to the Austrian throne, and the Baroness Marie Vetsera at the Archduke's hunting-lodge at Mayerling. Swift and sudden would have been the wrath descending upon the playwright's head in the old days when Italy was a member of the Triple Alliance and the hand of the old Emperor Francis Joseph was heavy throughout Europe.

The tragedy of Mayerling, the latest revelations of which were printed in the *Living Age* on June 30, 1923, is a fairly easy subject for a dramatist who wants to make a sensation. It is sufficiently lurid in itself to need no touching up. 'Heart interest' is, if anything, a little too abundant. All the dramatist need do is choose which of the several versions of the fact he wants to use, make up his mind as to the characters involved, and go ahead.

That is what Signor Borgese has done. The Archduke Rudolph is represented as verging on insanity, of which there was an undoubted trace in the Hapsburgs. The unfortunate little Baroness is represented as a fresh and charming girl with no trace of the adventuress about her — very much the kind of *süsses Mädel* that Authur Schnitzler is so fond of drawing.

✽

THE ORIGIN OF WENDY

THE *Scotsman*, in an obituary article on Mrs. W. E. Henley, the poet's widow, reveals for the first time the origin of a famous character of Sir James Barrie's.

Mrs. Henley claimed that her daughter Margaret was the original of 'Wendy.' Barrie, who was a regular visitor to their house, was very friendly with the little girl, who called him 'Uncle James Matthew.' One day Barrie said to her, 'Uncle James Matthew is a long name for me. Try to get something shorter.' After pondering a little the child said, 'I'll call you friend, or friendy-wendy,' and the name was afterward shortened into 'Wendy,' and transferred to the child.

✽

LORD CURZON AT WORK

LORD CURZON'S death has called forth a flood of eulogistic comment in England, but it remains for the *Manchester Guardian* to give a peculiarly interesting and intimate view of the man at work: —

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Foreign Office officials never knew what time Lord Curzon would arrive at the Foreign Office to begin the day's work. He sometimes began his official day at seven o'clock in the evening, and his secretaries and officials had to wait until he left, which sometimes was very late at night. It became a common joke during Lord Curzon's period at the Foreign Office that his secretaries and officials could never make dinner appointments.

The irregularity of his hours, which applied equally to his appointments with ambassadors, did not, of course, mean that he in any way neglected his work. He was probably the hardest-working man in each of the three Governments he served under. He worked early and late, often very late, but did most of his work at his house in Carlton House Terrace. He read nearly all the newspapers at first hand, not by means of cuttings submitted to him, and wrote memoranda as well as letters by hand. He insisted on reading most of the telegrams that reached the Foreign Office, instead of being spoon-fed through the Departments. He always noticed details, and would often reprimand men whom he found smoking in the Foreign Office corridor. Such a thing was not allowed under Lord Curzon.

He was very sensitive of criticism in the press, and had to stand much of it, but was correspondingly elated when kind things were written of him.

*

THE GENTLE DINOSAUR

Most of us know the gentle dinosaur as a huge aggregation of bones in a museum where a bright, enthusiastic puppy — if he were only big enough — could spend a glorious afternoon. The habits of the dinosaur are another matter. Not even the scientific men know anything more about them than keen eyes can deduce from bones and teeth and a few casual impressions of skin left in the rocks, plus the habits of their diminutive modern relatives.

Consequently a summary of what we do know, which Sydney F. Harmer, Director of the Natural History Departments of the British Museum, contributes to the London *Times*, has a peculiar interest. No one ever had a pet dinosaur except Eve, who, according to Mark Twain, was bothered because the dinosaur followed her around so much. Yet, from what Mr. Harmer tells us, it appears that most dinosaurs would have made very satisfactory household pets for any man who could afford a big enough house, with a pond of generous dimensions for them to splash about in.

The dinosaurs, now completely extinct, were in many ways the most remarkable of fossil forms [he says]. During the Secondary Period, and particularly in its Liassic and Cretaceous divisions, they formed the dominant group. They included comparatively small animals and giants of the largest dimensions, these far exceeding any other land-animals known, and in size almost rivaling the largest whales. The group consisted of animals which walked on all fours and of others which had a birdlike mode of progression on land, the body being held in a nearly erect attitude and being supported entirely by the hind limbs and the tail. Dinosaurs were not adapted to a life in the air, since their fore-limbs did not assume the form of wings, but there can be little doubt that they might be at least partially aquatic in habits. This is suggested by the enormous bulk of some of those which used all four legs for walking, and by their long and mobile necks. The huge mass of the body would be more easily supported when the animal was immersed in water, and the long neck would give a great advantage in both feeding and breathing.

The conclusion that they were largely aquatic is made more probable by the fact that the ends of some of the limb-bones are rugose, implying that the joints were largely cartilaginous — an arrangement unsuitable for the support of a gigantic body in the air. Mr. W. D. Matthew, F.R.S., one of the leading authorities, has pointed out the interesting fact that a line drawn from shoulder to hip separates the lighter

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part of the body from the heavier part as though it represented the water line. The limbs of these enormous animals were massive and heavy, producing the effect of the leaden boots of the diver, while in other parts of the skeleton economy is shown in the use of bone material in such a way as to combine maximum strength and lightness.

Many dinosaurs, including the largest of them, fed on vegetable matter, as indicated by the character of their skulls and teeth, while others, on evidence of a similar nature, were ferocious flesh-eaters. Some of these were so large that they can hardly have satisfied their appetites except by feeding on dinosaurs of the herbivorous kind. The mammals, which were their contemporaries, were still small and feeble, so that the dinosaurs presumably had it all their own way, and they branched out into a wide variety of types, some of which were provided with spines and other excrescences, which gave them a fantastic or terrifying appearance.

Dinosaurs were first made known to science as British animals, and a considerable amount of work has been done on *Iguanodon*, *Megalosaurus*, *Cetiosaurus*, and other British types. *Iguanodon* was further studied as the result of the discovery of a very remarkable assemblage of skeletons at Bernissart, in Belgium. Many of the most striking forms have been found in North America, and the large American museums contain a wonderful series of the remains obtained in that continent. The Mongolian Expedition will obviously add greatly to our knowledge of the Asiatic dinosaurs.

Africa remains but little explored for fossils belonging to this group. The fortune of war has made it possible for us to investigate a part of that continent known to be highly interesting, by continuing the work which was begun by the Germans in Tanganyika Territory. The results already obtained by Mr. W. E. Cutler, the leader of the British Museum Expedition, appear from his reports to be most encouraging. He has excavated large numbers of bones, the first consignment of which is believed to be on its way to the Museum. It is clear from the accounts received that he has found dinosaurs of more than one type, and it is even possible that he has found remains of mammals and birds. If this should prove to be the case, the results of his work are bound to be specially interesting. Even if it should not be so, it must be remembered that the African continent has a well-established reputation as the home of the marvelous and unexpected. *Gigantosaurus* (more correctly *Tornieria*) itself, which Mr. Cutler is specially collecting, is remarkable for its exceptionally gigantic size; but its skeleton is at present imperfectly known, and the interest of possible new discoveries is by no means restricted to the acquisition of large bones. Taking into account the wide range in size, shape, and habits known within the group, there seems to be no reason why Africa should not have produced other dinosaurs as remarkable in their way as *Gigantosaurus*. It is known to have been inhabited by other extinct reptiles which are of unusual interest, as being probably close to the stock from which the mammals themselves were derived.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

King Edward VII. A Biography, by Sir Sidney Lee. Vol. I. London and New York: Macmillan, 1925. $8.00.

'Divinity doth hedge a king.' We have Shakespeare's word for it; and Shakespeare ought to know, for he served one very real king and one very real and very capricious queen, not to mention some score fanciful royalties of his own devising. And now Shakespeare's principal biographer has become the biographer of modern royalty. Sir Sidney Lee has written an authorized life of Edward VII, which elicits a dutiful pæan of praise from the loyal British press, especially the Tory periodicals — though amid all these praises the cynical may discern a private desire on the part of most reviewers to live long enough to read the *un*authorized biography which some day somebody is bound to write. Will Mr. Lytton Strachey ever dare attempt it?

The subtle but very real yearning to gaze upon the anointed head that wears a crown — an attraction that waxes as the number of such heads noticeably wanes, and is nowhere felt more deeply than in republics — accounts for the inevitable scramble to read books by kings or about them. But King Edward VII may look to have his life read on other grounds besides what all novelists call 'the accident of birth.' As one of the chief architects of the Entente, he had a very great deal to do with the course of European affairs in the earliest years of our century, exerting an influence whose extent has lately been emphasized by Mr. Wickham Steed's *Through Thirty Years*. In spite of periods of unpopularity, he won the hearts of his people. In spite of a model education, he turned out no model at all, but the very able occupant of a difficult throne. There is no understanding pre-war Europe without also understanding the work and character of Albert Edward, by the grace of God King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India.

The eight hundred pages of Volume I — all Sir Sidney has so far completed — deal largely with Albert Edward as Prince of Wales rather than as King; and British reviewers seem mainly impressed by the appalling foolishness of the educational scheme solemnly prescribed for his unwilling son by the Prince Consort. Lord Birkenhead observes, 'His youth must have been quite terrible,' and even the pontifical *Times Literary Supplement* so far forgets itself as to talk about 'such extravagance of stupidity as that shown by the Prince Consort in obstinately forcing a merely bookish education on a boy who had not the smallest aptitude for study of any kind.'

In the *Manchester Guardian* Mr. J. E. C. Bodley betrays traces of national bitterness when he observes that 'the first nine chapters display Prince Albert as a doctrinaire German pedant who might have been an efficient tutor of a Teutonic princeling but was quite unfitted to be the guide and guardian of the heir to the Throne of England.'

Lest these expressions appear too strong, let us hear from Viscount Esher the personal and sympathetic version of a friend of the family. In the course of a four-column review in the *Observer* Lord Esher writes: —

> It is an easy matter to scoff at the idealism of Queen Victoria and her husband — and to smile at their enthusiastic faith in methods of training a young mind which no parents would venture to apply in these Byzantine days. Children sheltered from every moral breeze, protected against every intellectual draught, alienated from the contact of other children, shut off from every chance of contamination by the turpitudes of *Ivanhoe*. Queen Victoria herself once said to me in Kensington Palace that as a child she had never walked downstairs unless someone held her hand. She looked back humorously upon the unnecessary precautions taken by the

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Duchess of Kent. It was evident that the analogy never occurred to her between her mother's exaggerated anxiety and the infinite precautions used to prevent the Prince of Wales during the whole of his boyhood from walking in a spring garden unattended. There was always, as Sir Sidney Lee's pages show, some tutor, governor, or equerry to hold his hand. An interesting comparison could be drawn between the early education of this young Prince, under the Teutonic auspices of his very noble father, who condemned 'banter' and 'practical jokes,' — in favor of which the son reacted so strongly a few years later, — and that of the young Duc de Bourgogne, under Fenelon, or that of the Duc du Maine under the foundress of St. Cyr.

It cannot be said that the Prince's education left no permanent trace upon his character, save reaction under what seems to be a natural law in psychology as well as in biology. No one was more conscious of this than the King himself. One morning in Buckingham Palace he was looking, in a dreamy way that had become habitual, at some painting or sketch of himself in a brilliant poplin frock, and I heard him murmur, 'How I hated that dress!' Throughout life, following his mother's early warnings, he detested sartorial display in man or woman. On another occasion, driving alone with him from a visit to Houghton, — then unoccupied, — where he had borrowed a sovereign from me to 'tip' the caretaker, he said, 'I was allowed no money as a boy, and got out of the habit of carrying any,' and then added sadly, 'But I had no boyhood.'

He used to say that he hated the memory of White Lodge, where he had been bored to death in his youth, surrounded by middle-aged men, cut off from young companionship, and he was determined that his sons, whether at Oxford or Cambridge, in the Navy or the Army, should not be 'coddled' and should as early as possible experience the rough as well as the smooth of life.

Queen Victoria's arbitrary tendencies persisted all her life, and are aptly illustrated in Sir Sidney Lee's own account of the battle of the dispatch boxes. The distinguished subject of Mr. Lytton Strachey's biography vehemently objected to sharing full knowledge of state affairs with the equally distinguished subject of Sir Sidney Lee's biography. Sir Sidney tells the story thus: —

Mr. Francis Knollys, the Prince's private secretary, and Sir Edward Hamilton, Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, took up the cudgels in the Prince's behalf, and both urged on Sir Henry Ponsonby, Queen Victoria's private secretary, the need of some modification of her attitude. At least she might allow the Prime Minister to choose the confidential intelligence for the Prince's eye. The Queen answered that the Prime Minister 'can only report to the Sovereign, and it would not be desirable that W. G. [Gladstone] and H.R.H. should have discussions which she knew nothing about. Whereas, on the other hand, it would be natural and constitutional that she should communicate with her son and take counsel with him on questions of public interest.' This was as far as the Queen would go. Mr. Gladstone's Government resigned office a few weeks later, and for the time the dispute dropped once more.

The struggle, however, was not ended, and in the final rounds the Prince won an almost complete, if belated, victory. Both foreign dispatches and Cabinet reports were communicated to him. When his personal friend Lord Rosebery became Foreign Secretary for a short term of five months in Mr. Gladstone's third Ministry of 1886, he, without the Queen's specific authority, caused the foreign dispatches to be forwarded from the Foreign Office direct to the Prince in the red-leather boxes which habitually circulated among Ministers. The boxes were of two kinds, graded according to the confidential nature of their contents.

The most secret documents were enclosed with others in boxes, keys to which were alone in the hands of the Sovereign, the Prime Minister, and the heads of the Foreign Office. The second

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class of box had another kind of key, known as 'the Cabinet key,' which was in possession of all Ministers and their private secretaries. Lord Rosebery accorded the Prince the most exclusive right by making over to him the special gold key (of the first class) which had belonged to the Prince Consort and was now discovered to be lying forgotten in the Foreign Office. Lord Rosebery also handed to the Prince a 'Cabinet key' which opened the second class of boxes. The Queen was disinclined to continue the strife, and although she protested against the Foreign Secretary's concession of the Prince Consort's key, the privilege of access to the foreign dispatches was not withdrawn.

Lord Salisbury, when he became Foreign Secretary, qualified the situation by sending boxes of the second class only, and the Prince complained to him (April 9, 1889) that they could only be opened by his 'Cabinet key.' Finally, all restrictions on the Prince's access to foreign official papers were authoritatively removed, although he had occasion now and then to complain of accidental miscarriages or delays.

Nothing in Sir Sidney's biography has roused more interest or more comment than his careful study of the long though never very open feud between King Edward and his nephew, the Emperor William. The relations between a middle-aged uncle who was only a prince and had no immediate prospects of the throne and an impetuous nephew who became an emperor when scarcely more than a boy possessed obvious elements of irritation, which were not helped by Albert Edward's objections to the treatment of his sister, the Emperor's mother. This aspect of affairs has an obvious interest in Berlin, where the *Vossische Zeitung* — anything but an imperialist organ — devotes the better part of a column to Sir Sidney Lee and his work, mainly to the imperial and royal feud. The German reviewer praises the new biography at least as highly as his British colleagues when he says that the first impression 'is deepened by further reading, and the book has the greatest importance even for the German reader.'

He thus describes the relations of uncle and nephew: 'The Prince of Wales, as he then was, roused the Emperor's envy to the highest pitch. In his theatrical journeys to foreign countries and foreign courts, to which he attached the greatest importance, the Emperor had to admit that his far cleverer uncle, in whose trail he perpetually traveled, ordinarily received a far warmer welcome than he did himself. He saw in the Prince of Wales his most dangerous rival in that struggle for personal supremacy into which his exaggerated vanity drove him.'

All this coincides fairly closely with opinion among the British reviewers, who tend in general to applaud the King's share in foreign affairs. The chief exception is Mr. Leonard Woolf, who in his article for *The Nation and the Athenæum* says that one lesson taught by King Edward's biography 'is that the less kings and princes are allowed to meddle with foreign politics the better for the world. Their education is such as to make them unable to grasp the appalling realities which lie behind "diplomacy" and "negotiations." Anyone can, of course, prove that the personal enmity of King Edward and the Kaiser did not cause the war. On the other hand, if the King and the Kaiser had not been allowed to have anything to do with foreign politics it would have been easier to prevent the gradual growth of a situation in which the war became "inevitable."'

Most critics unite in commending Sir Sidney's labors. The most startling exception is Mr. Leonard Woolf, who venomously snarls: —

> It is probable that the official biography of Edward VII could not under any circumstances have been made, in 1925, a good book. But I do not believe that it was necessary to make it quite so bad and so dull as Sir Sidney Lee has succeeded in doing.

Lord Birkenhead, on the other hand, was so enthusiastic that, not content with one review, he wrote two, — both for the *Sunday Times*, — in which he declared the biography 'as scholarly and thorough as those who are familiar with the artistic craftsmanship of Sir Sidney Lee would

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expect.' After that it is sheer carping to remark that his lordship has himself no lofty pretensions to scholarship or the judging thereof. But even Lord Birkenhead limits his praises a little, when he says that the biography

> is throughout solid, and it is readable, with qualifications, just as suet pudding is eatable, with qualifications. One feels, in other words, in the intervals of reading it, the need of a change of diet.

Who would dispute an English lord's connoisseurship in suet pudding?

All reviewers are at great pains to assure the British public that *King Edward VII* is, in Lord Birkenhead's words, 'a very discreet book.' They wish, in other words, to draw as sharp a line as possible between Sir Sidney Lee and Mr. Lytton Strachey — who has noticeably not been knighted. Viscount Esher admits, 'King Edward was not what Mr. Rudyard Kipling calls a "plaster saint." But [he makes haste to add] he was a gallant prince and a remarkably efficient sovereign' — which is all one has a right to expect of a king in the practice of his profession. The *Spectator* says primly: 'His biographer refers frankly but fairly to his unlucky connection with certain notorious episodes which shocked normal standards of propriety.' Mr Woolf would even have it that 'no official biography of a monarch ought to be written for one hundred years after his death.' The *Times Literary Supplement* faces the facts squarely:—

> He had his own troubles, which Sir Sidney does not conceal. Part of the company he kept was, to speak plainly, bad company, as the Queen justly and angrily insisted. He paid the price for it in having twice to make a rather scandalous appearance in the witness box of a law court. But the ignorant notion, then common and not entirely exploded now, that his life was one of dissipation and vice is amply refuted by the mere facts as set out here. There was folly in his life, and perhaps worse things than folly. But this record of forty years of crowded hours shows little room for idleness and dissipation. It is a picture of continuous and eager activity in all the parts, social, political, philanthropic, diplomatic, which his birth or his choice called upon him to play.

But there is plenty of praise both for King Edward and for Sir Sidney Lee. 'What Sir Sidney has given us will be read with great interest by all students of the period, and much of it will be enjoyed by the general reader,' says the *Times Literary Supplement*. 'Eminently successful,' says the *Spectator*. 'A work which is never likely to be superseded,' says Lord Esher — contradicting Lord Birkenhead, who thinks 'the final Life of King Edward still remains to be written,' but also feels that 'Sir Sidney Lee has laid us all under an obligation.'

All writers look forward to the second volume, which will deal with the years of Edward's kingship and his greatest influence in world affairs. In the *Morning Post* Dean Inge speculates thus: —

> Sir Sidney Lee's second volume will doubtless throw new light on the King's Continental activities. We may be sure that he will be revealed as a clever diplomatist, but certainly not as an intriguer, or as overstepping his constitutional position to carry out a policy of his own.

The same paper, which fiercely criticized Ramsay MacDonald so long as he was in office, gives us an odd and sympathetic glimpse of the ex-Prime Minister and the new book under circumstances familiar to most literary suburbanites in America: —

> Coming to town in a Hampstead Tube train yesterday morning (writes a correspondent), I happened to sit next to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who, attaché case on his lap, was deep in the pages of *King Edward VII*.

✽

BOOKS MENTIONED

Droop, Fritz. *Maler Sandhas* (*Sandhas the Painter*). Berlin: Drei Masken-Verlag, 1924.

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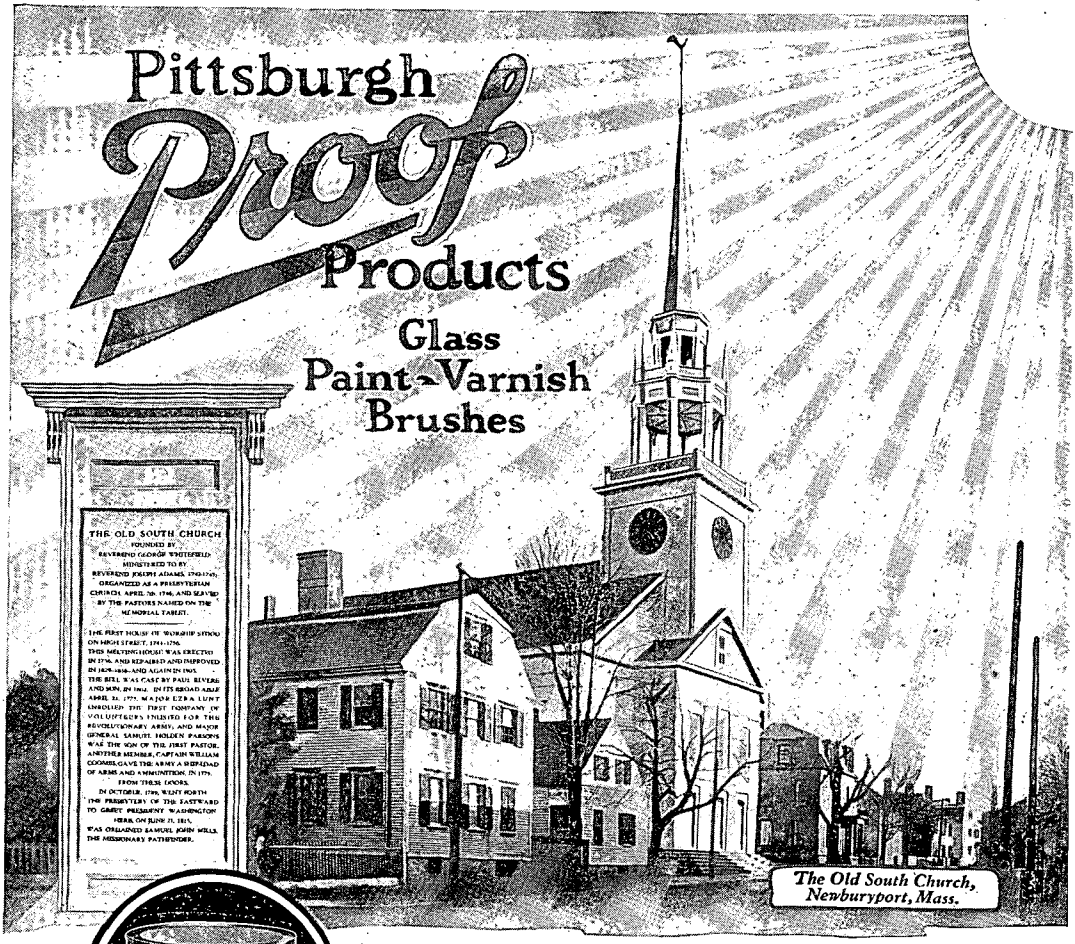
THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH
FOUNDED BY
REVEREND GEORGE WHITEFIELD
MINISTERED TO BY
REVEREND JOSEPH ADAMS, 1761-1765
ORGANIZED AS A PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, APRIL 5th, 1746, AND SERVED
BY THE PASTORS NAMED ON THE
MEMORIAL TABLET.
THE FIRST HOUSE OF WORSHIP STOOD
ON HIGH STREET, 1761-1756.
THIS MEETING HOUSE WAS ERECTED
IN 1756, AND REPAIRED AND IMPROVED
IN 1801-1810-AND AGAIN IN 1905.
THE BELL WAS CAST BY PAUL REVERE
AND SON, IN 1802. IN ITS BROAD AISLE
APRIL 21, 1775, MAJOR EZRA LUNT
ENROLLED THE FIRST COMPANY OF
VOLUNTEERS ENLISTED FOR THE
REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, AND MAJOR
GENERAL SAMUEL HOLDEN PARSONS
WAS THE SON OF THE FIRST PASTOR.
ANOTHER MEMBER, CAPTAIN WILLIAM
COOMBS, GAVE THE ARMY A REGIMENT
OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION, IN 1775.
FROM THIS CHURCH
IN OCTOBER, 1786, WENT FORTH
THE PRESBYTERY OF THE EASTWARD
TO GREET PRESIDENT WASHINGTON
HERE, ON JUNE 21, 1815,
WAS ORDAINED SAMUEL JOHN MILLS,
THE MISSIONARY PATHFINDER.

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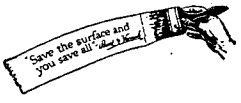

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Why Is Our Society Like a Quaker Meeting?

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD in the May Scribner's Magazine makes the statement that it is.

And she draws therefrom an interesting reason why cultured and intelligent women are not taking the same attitude toward the ballot that men of that class do.

"Some American Women and the Vote" by Katharine Fullerton Gerould in the May Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Do you believe in political equality for the negro?

How about social equality?

Is our thinking on the race problem half-slave, half-free?

* * *

Albert Guérard points out a new angle in the consideration of this question, which has been a thorn in the flesh of the American people for so many years, in "Southern Memories: Sidelights on the Race Problem" in the May Scribner's Magazine.

He has a peculiarly advantageous outlook. He is French by birth, American by choice, and has lived for many years in both the North and the South.

In the June number, Mr. Guérard's "The Last Taboo" cuts through the insulation which has surrounded certain aspects of the race question and presents an honest discussion of the subject.

* * *

Both essays are handled with sympathy, good taste, humor, and a respect for truth — a rare combination.

* * *

If you haven't been reading Scribner's Magazine lately, now is an excellent time to begin.

Read the May and June numbers, at least, and tell us what you think of them.

* * *

No statement, pro or con, barred because of its vigor.

* * *

A brilliant variety in May; an important literary discovery in June; an obscured side of the youth question from the point of view of young and old in July; the big Fiction Number in August.

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